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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 3 : 1900

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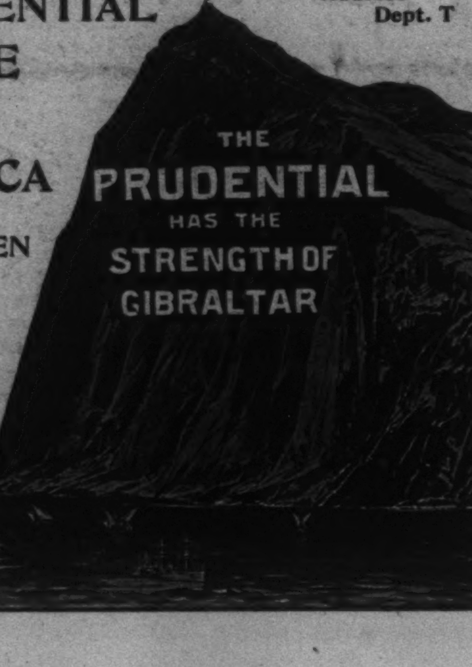

Harper's Magazine

THE "EASY CHAIR" AND THE "STUDY"

Comment Upon Their Revival Under the Direction of Mr. Howells and Mr. Alden

Readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will rejoice in the news that the monthly departments which used to be so eagerly read are to be revived.—*Duluth Herald.*

But as to Mr. Howells in the "Easy Chair"? What will he do, and how will he treat his readers? Will he be philosopher or doctrinaire? The years in which he conducted the "Study" were undoubtedly the most militant of his long career. In this forum he waged the battle of realism, and whooped it up for Henry James and Count Tolstoï. Whether he will consider the battle ended remains now to be seen. Mr. Howells's brand of realism is at least established, and if other writers have not been able to follow him and have been forced back to the easier fields of romance, Mr. Howells should pity, not blame them. It is to be hoped that Mr. Howells will not sit up too straight and alert, but will comfortably bury himself in the depths of the "Easy Chair," and smile and take a cup of kindness with all his long-time friends. —*Des Moines Leader.*

The accession of William Dean Howells to the "Easy Chair" of HARPER'S MONTHLY is the most agreeable literary note of the year. It is hardly doubted that as an essayist Mr. Howells has no superior among our men of letters.—*Chicago Post.*

Mr. Howells has reached that point in life and in experience as a writer when spiritual and worldly wisdom impart to his utterances a mellow kindliness and betray an understanding of and sympathy with his fellow-men which have a peculiar charm. He is a worthy successor to Curtis, and the publishers are fortunate in securing him. —*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. Howells is to revive the "Easy Chair" in HARPER'S, long occupied by George William Curtis. This is good news, for—and we do not forget the *Lady of the Aroostook*—Mr. Howells is better in the semi-humorous comment, the short critique, the appreciation, and the literary "side-show" than he is in the novel. Mr. Alden is also to revive the "Editor's Study" in the same Magazine. This, too, will add to the interest with which HARPER'S MONTHLY is opened by its older readers.—*Hartford Courant.*

Mr. Howells will make "A Hazard of New Fortunes" in undertaking work that so inevitably challenges comparison with Curtis's most happy work. But with due allowance for the difference in character and temperament of the writers, there is no doubt that he will restore the "Easy Chair" to its old favor with magazine readers.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

It is a subject of congratulation for all parties concerned that William Dean Howells is to be one of the literary advisers of the house of Harper & Brothers, and that in his hands the "Easy Chair" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, made famous by George William Curtis, is again to become a feature of that periodical. This department was started in 1851, with Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) as the first incumbent. Two years later Mr. Curtis took hold of it, and from then to the time of his death it became the medium for the appearance of his delightful essays and comments on life. The department was discontinued at his death, and no man is better fitted to revive it than Mr. Howells. As editor of the "Easy Chair," and as a monthly contributor to the *North American Review*, his charming pen will be most fitly employed.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The announcement will be welcomed all over the country, as Mr. Howells's kindly criticisms have been sadly missed for the past two years.—*Bookseller, Newsdealer, and Stationer.*

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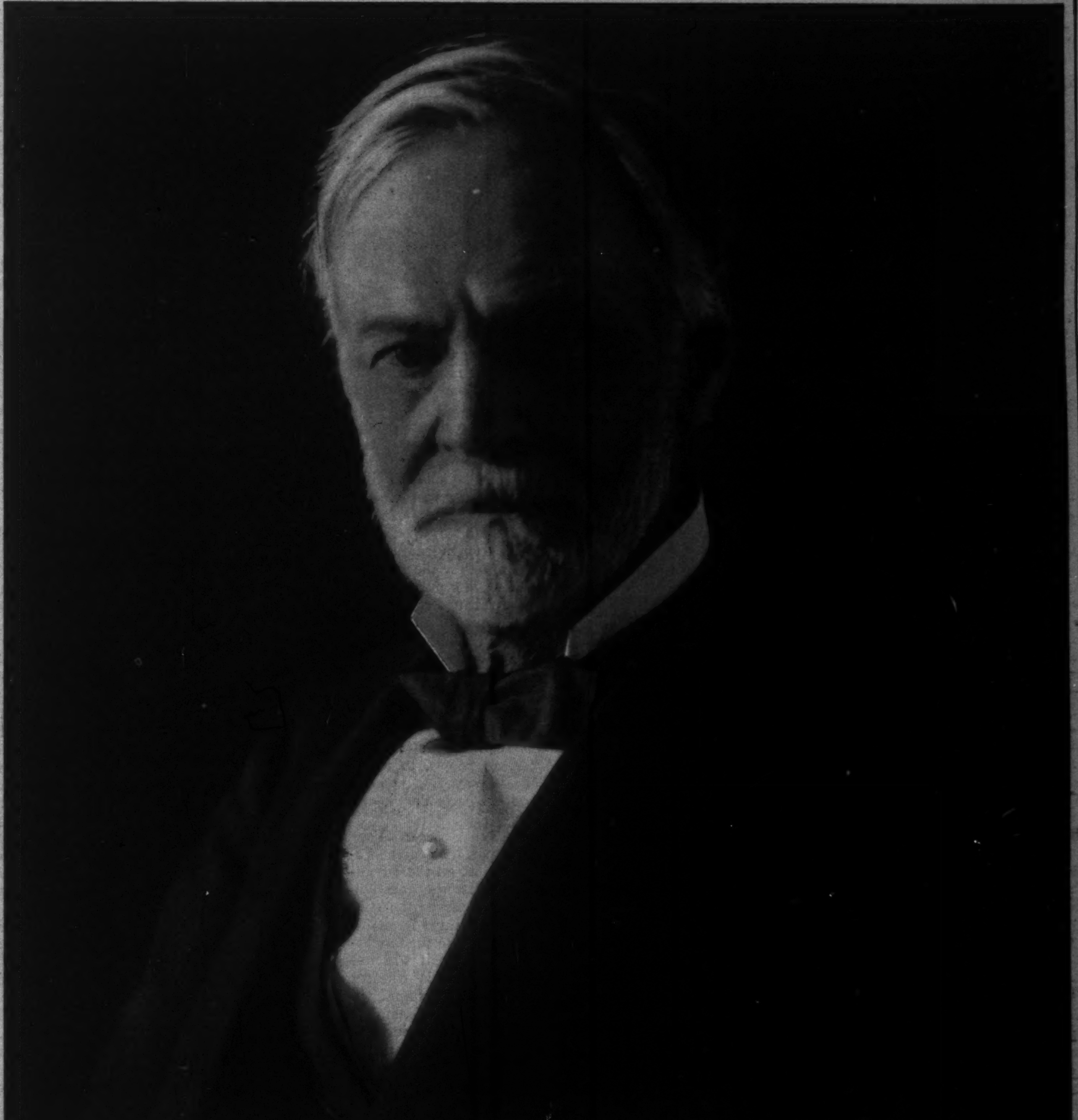

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JOHN SHERMAN.

BORN MAY 10, 1823. DIED OCTOBER 22, 1900.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

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A Paramount Opportunity

THE lines of battle are drawn, and the contending forces now stand face to face for the final struggle. Before this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY ceases to be current a President of the United States will have been chosen, and in the eyes of the world we shall stand as a nation redeemed or a people dishonored. There are some who would have us believe that it is difficult for men of principle to make their choice this year as between President MCKINLEY and Mr. BRYAN, because of a so-called confusion of the issues, and of the alleged fact that from a party point of view there is no clean-cut divergence between them. We must confess that we have little sympathy with those who are thus embarrassed, and for the reason that we cannot recall a time in our political history when the line of cleavage between the opposing forces was more distinctly drawn or more incisively cut. The issues are about as clearly made as one could wish to have them, and when threshed out to the uttermost, reduced to their essence and presented in their simplest terms, freed from all obscurities of verbiage, it is not without some wonderment that we find that one party is consistently right from the beginning to the end of its protestations, while the other, to its credit be it said, is as consistently in the wrong. Had the Populist Receivers of the defunct Democracy set out in the beginning with the deliberate intention of taking the wrong and unmoral side on every question of public interest before this nation at the present moment, they could not more successfully have completed their scheme of heresy and schism; and however unbalanced we may regard them, and their leaders as individuals, it is only just that we should admit the saneness of their insanity. A healthier graft of unsound principles has not been known in any land since the day of Ali Baba and his forty Populists.

A short résumé of the precise differences between the two parties will not be without interest at this time, and may be of value to voters who are still hesitating as to their real duty.

FIRST, then, let us take the first number on the BRYAN programme, Imperialism. If it were not for one very distressing feature involved in this question, we should continue to dismiss it with the contempt and ridicule which from the first it has received in these columns. It would be merely another case of "Much Ado About Nothing," if it had not developed the deplorable spectacle of a man who hopes to be President of the United States, travelling about the country, giving voice to outspoken declarations of sympathy for forces which are in open rebellion against the properly and inevitably acquired authority of this nation; for forces which are shooting down American soldiers engaged in defending the honor of the American flag, and in the line of their sworn duty suppressing lawlessness and mob violence under conditions which are appallingly distressing. There is not, nor has there been, in any of the wise acts of the Administration in the Philippines or elsewhere a move, or even the suggestion of a move, which can justify the cry of Imperialism that has been raised against it, first by the group of academic agitators, of whom Boston is so heartily ashamed, and later on unhappily dignified by certain eminent ex-figure-heads, anxious to get back into public office, aided and abetted by a number of experts in political pirouetting who have all their lives been whirling from one party to another, year after year, like a lot of howling dervishes with no control over their legs. The whole Philippine question resolves itself into the fact that we cannot yield up the authority we have acquired, in the face of guns turned upon our flag, to the men behind those guns, and the man who should have ventured to advocate any such policy of scuttle to the patriots of the American Union thirty-five years ago, when one phase of the principle of the "consent of the governed" was being discussed with some measure of emphasis, would have been set down as a traitor, and hissed from one end of the country to another, if not out of it altogether. There is no telling what question of Imperialism may come before us later, if the man who holds the benumbed conscience of a once great party in his relentless grasp by some mischance becomes President of the United States. To-day there is no such question involved in the practical workings of the business of the American people. But on the real question as to whether we shall suffer dishonor in shirking our manifest duty abroad, Mr. MCKINLEY stands for the maintenance of the law, the integrity of the nation; Mr. BRYAN, for a cowardly shifting of responsibility, and the bending of our knee to the irresponsible leader of a mob.

Imperialism

The line of cleavage is clearly drawn and incisively cut.

SECOND on the Bryanite programme is the question of the Trusts. It is quite as difficult to discuss this question seriously with Mr. BRYAN as it would be to discuss the Imperialistic bogey without derision with Mr. ERVING WINSLOW, since no man cares to meet arrant nonsense with serious argument. If Mr. BRYAN knew anything about the Trusts, and could differentiate between iniquitous combinations of capital for the acquirement of "predatory wealth" and the ordinary corporate institutions engaged in the pursuit of legitimate business enterprises, one might be willing to argue with him some point of difference that might arise between ordinarily intelligent men upon the subject. The unfortunate fact is, however, that Mr. BRYAN has displayed a lamentable lack of real intelligence in his discussions of the business interests of this country and of the remedy for evils which have unquestionably grown up in the development thereof, and simply because he has had no experience in the management of any business enterprise of magnitude. Falling back, then, as he must, upon sheer ignorance, or upon some of his own ingenious conceptions of how things ought to be for the furtherance of his individual ambition, his public utterances fall little short of mere railings against industry, whence they rapidly degenerate into wicked appeals to the lowest passions of the idle, the shiftless, and the discontented.

The Trust Issue

On this issue President MCKINLEY stands for an intelligent administration of the statutes, restricting unlawful combinations which would oppress and rob the consumer. Mr. BRYAN stands for a wild and indiscriminate onslaught on the commercial prosperity of the American people, to whom work is a pleasure and idleness a vice.

Again the line of cleavage is clearly drawn and incisively cut.

THIRD, though of first importance to the future prosperity of this nation, on the Bryanite programme stands the money question. "If there is any one man who believes the gold standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it." So spoke Mr. BRYAN four years ago, and so has he reiterated his heretical financial principles during the past three months, modestly perhaps, but with sufficient vigor to show that this hungry political leopard has not changed his financial spots. That which implied national shame and dishonor in 1896 implies national shame and dishonor in 1900. There is no shadow of difference between the disgraceful principle of 16 to 1 to-day and that same principle as it existed four years ago, and the duty of the citizen to smite hip and thigh the advocates of repudiation and an undermined national credit is as great to-day as it was when men of principle were not "embarrassed by a confusion of the issues."

The Silver Question

Just as the line of cleavage between the MCKINLEY of '96 and the BRYAN of '96 upon the silver question was clearly drawn and incisively cut, so does it remain to-day, and by no throwing of Imperialistic dust into the eyes of the unsophisticated can the paramountcy of this question be diminished, although in some quarters it may unhappily be obscured.

FOURTH and last upon this strange programme of false principles stands the reaffirmation of the Chicago platform, the most barefaced, iniquitous declaration of corrupt intent that has ever been conceived by the mind of man. So wickedly was it conceived that it drove RICHARD OLNEY, against whom some of its most drastic provisions were directed, sulking into his tent. So baldly corrupt was it in its intent that it covered with shame and humiliation the then Democratic President of the United States. So full of menace to the honor and welfare of the nation was it that it set CARL SCHURZ a-tingling, and a-glowing, and a-seething with the boiling blood of outraged decency, and sent him, in the line of his duty, on an oratorical tour of the country that was as potent for good then as his recent unhappy lapses from the path of political virtue have been potent for evil now. The Chicago Platform was so wholly in line with the highest ideals of scuttled law and order that it promptly brought JOHN P. ALTGELD, of Illinois, into a vociferous advocacy of every one of its pernicious principles. It took hold upon and fired the eloquent imagination and secured for its standard-bearer the enthusiastic support of one TILLMAN of South Carolina, a high-minded and honorable statesman, who once expressed a desire to pitchfork a Democratic President of the United States. It came with appealing force to and enlisted the sympathetic interest of one COXEY, who was chiefly known to fame as the Commander-in-Chief of an army of tramps gathered from the purlieus of the middle West, threatening to invade Washington, there by a show of violence hoping to intimidate the authorities. In short, it secured the support of every fundamentally rotten element that exists in the American social order, just as it secured the abhorrent reprobation of the conservative, thinking, law-abiding elements of the nation.

The Chicago Platform

To-day this iniquitous declaration is reaffirmed in toto by Mr. BRYAN and his party associates, and the line of cleavage between WILLIAM MCKINLEY and his party and Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN and his is as clearly drawn and as incisively cut as when, four years ago, the "First Battle," as Mr. BRYAN called it, was fought.

WHAT confusion of the issues, then, exists to-day to embarrass the man of principle who wishes to vote right? We must confess we cannot see it. The issue of Imperialism is a bogey designed to frighten the timid, and to serve as a cloak beneath which certain statesmen for whom oblivion has yawned may sneak back into affiliations which in their souls they detest, but deprived of which they may indulge only in hopeless dreams of power. The problem of the Trusts, pregnant as it is, is too great to be solved by ignorance, envy, hatred, and malice; is too important to be handled successfully by men who lack a sense of responsibility, and who at heart are drones and dreamers. The issue of the dollar affects too vitally the interests of every wage-earner in the land to permit of its solution being left to the men who would cut the dollar in half. The issue of the Chicago platform bears too closely upon our good name as a law-abiding, liberty-loving, God-fearing people, for the electors of this land to permit it to be incorporated into the statute law by the political marauders who advocate the unmoral principles it so unblushingly affirms.

Conclusion

Can it be that the man of principle finds any embarrassment in a situation which involves the slightest atom of the creed of Bryanism, of Crokerism, of Tillmanism, of Pettigrewism, and, vilest of all, of Altgeldism? It seems inconceivable. On the contrary, the situation presents to the man of principle a paramount opportunity to show himself a good citizen by casting, irrespective of his party affiliations, a ballot in behalf of a strong, vigorous, self-respecting, honorable administration of public affairs, thus placing upon record his emphatic protest against the pernicious doctrines which find their outward and visible expression in the person of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

THE CASE FOR THE JURY

THE campaign nears its end. With every succeeding week of its progress the actual issues of it have become clearer and the duty of every patriotic citizen plainer to the view of simple common-sense.

Never since Lincoln's second candidacy has a political campaign so directly involved the country's honor, the nation's integrity, and the welfare of all the people. Never since Lincoln's second election has a political campaign involved so little of doctrine or so much of fatefulness. Never in all that time has there been an election so utterly free from those questions which ordinarily divide parties, or so vitally concerned with the integrity, the honor, the future of the republic. Never in all that time has there been an election in which honest men could so easily put aside considerations of mere party; never an election in which the choice forced upon every voter was so unmistakably the choice of voting for the nation or against it. Even in 1896, when patriotic Democrats by scores of thousands in all the pivotal States rejected the candidate of repudiation and the platform of national dishonor which Populism and Anarchism had set up in their name, there were doctrinal and party issues involved which gave pause to some. There was Mr. Cleveland's administration to be approved or disapproved, in seeming at least, by the outcome of the election. There was a tariff question at issue also, and other questions were involved that usually and legitimately divide party opinion.

This year there is no such excuse for a mistake in the casting of any honest man's vote. The only questions involved in this year's election are the perfectly simple ones of honesty against dishonesty; law against anarchy; Populism against orderly government by the statutes and the courts; the thievish repudiation of debts, public and private, against the honest discharge of obligations in money that is worth what it professes to be worth; national shame abroad and at home against national honor everywhere; the cowardly shirking of duty by the republic against the courageous and conscientious discharge of such duty.

Incidentally the decision of these questions involves every man's personal welfare and the prosperity of the entire people. There is no escape from that fact, no possibility of mistake as to the effect upon every thrifty citizen's welfare of the decision to be rendered in November.

Mr. McKinley's election will ensure honest money. It will make it certain that for all time to come every dollar which the government, the railroad companies, the banks, the life-insurance companies, and everybody else in the country owes shall be paid in a dollar worth its full professed value; that all wage rates shall be payable in money that will buy a hundred cents' worth of goods for every dollar paid out; that every dollar deposited in a savings-bank shall be paid back in a full-value dollar; that every dollar of life-insurance secured for the support of men's wives and children after their death shall be paid in a dollar worth one hundred cents; that every fixed income, every provision painfully made for the support of men's loved ones, every investment in a building and loan association, every salary agreed upon for service, and every debt owed by anybody to anybody shall be paid honestly in money that means what it professes to mean.

Mr. Bryan's election will mean the reverse of all this. Politically, personally, by platform declaration, and by reiterated protestations of his own, that gentleman is pledged, if elected, to urge upon Congress and to bring about the deliberate debasement of the currency, the reduction of the dollar to fifty cents in value, the repudiation of one-half of every debt, the reduction of every savings-bank deposit, every life-insurance policy, every pension rate, every wage scale, every salary, and every obligation of every conceivable kind to one-half its present value.

A vote for Mr. Bryan will be a vote to compel the savings-banks to pay their depositors only one-half what those depositors have placed in their keeping; to compel life-insurance companies—for they would have no choice in the case—to give back only fifty per cent. of the value they have received; to require every working-man in the land to accept in payment of his wages dollars that will buy only fifty cents' worth of the necessaries of life; and so on through the entire category of money owed and money paid and debts due.

For Mr. Bryan has taken extraordinary pains to assure the country that if elected he will use his utmost power and authority and influence as President to bring about legislation for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of fifty cents on the dollar, and there is no room for doubt of the sincerity of his purpose in that respect. Nor is there room for doubt that, if elected, he would have power to carry out his purpose. In order to be elected at all he must carry enough States which repudiated him four years ago to control both the House of Representatives and the Senate. If he come into power he will almost certainly come into complete power. If he be elected he will have the support of a Congress absolutely subservient to his will, a Congress pledged and elected to carry out in legislation this primary purpose of his candidacy, the object of his political existence.

Mr. Carl Schurz pleads that, even with a Congress composed of men elected on the free-silver platform, Mr. Bryan would be unable to carry out the programme to which he is so unequivocally committed. Mr. Schurz contends that many of the Democrats elected upon the Kansas City platform would turn conservative after election and reject the programme on which they were chosen to represent the popular will. How lame a pretence this is, surely no intelligent reader need be told. It supposes that Congressmen are more or less than human; that they have no regard whatever for their honor, or for their promises to those who elected them, and that they would set aside as meaningless the will of their constituents as expressed in their ballots. This will not prove to be the case.

Every Democratic Congressman elected with Mr. Bryan, and every Democratic Senator chosen as a result of his election, will go to Washington not only pledged beyond recall, but enthusiastically intent upon his purpose to enact a free fifty-cent coinage law as quickly as possible, and in the most emphatic and irreclaimable terms that can be employed for statutory purposes.

Every voter in the land should clearly understand this truth, that if he votes for Mr. Bryan he votes for free silver, for coinage debasement, for the repudiation of debts, for national dishonor, and for such a reversal of existing prosperity as no nation in all the earth has ever known.

The very marrow of the matter is this: "Shall the prosperity that now prevails throughout the country continue, or shall we by our votes destroy it and invoke disaster and ruin in its stead?" That is the question which every citizen must answer by his vote in November.

So obviously and so exclusively is this the issue of the campaign, and so destructive to every honest man's interest is the Bryan end of it, that from the very beginning the chief concern of the Bryanite advocates has been to disguise and conceal it, to cover it up, to obscure it in mists and fogs of false pretence. To that end the Kansas City platform-makers invented the spook issue of Imperialism and the trumped-up issue of the trusts, and declared them "paramount," and ever since, in Eastern States at least, the advocates of Bryan have insisted that these are the questions that should determine men's votes. Let us question their contentions a bit.

Nobody—not even Mr. Carl Schurz, with all his ingenuity of intellectual fence, not even Mr. Bourke Cockran, with all his skill in making the worse appear the better reason—has ever yet given an intelligent or an intelligible definition of "Imperialism," as the word is employed in this campaign. Nobody has ever yet even pretended to show in what fashion Mr. McKinley or anybody else is menacing the integrity of our republican institutions, or proposing anything that in any way whatever imperils their present continuance or their perpetuity. It is not even pretended that anybody proposes to abrogate the constitutional guarantees of human right and liberty, to impair, in the smallest way, the system under which our country exists, to change its government in even the smallest particular of form or substance. As a matter of fact there is nobody in all this land so great a fool as to contemplate a change in the fundamental structure of our institutions, and nobody such a fool as to suppose that such a change of governmental structure would be possible. Nobody, that is to say, except William J. Bryan and certain of his followers who stand for anarchy, pure and simple. Mr. Bryan does propose and advocate one radical, fundamental change in the structure of our government, in the interest of lawlessness, and he intends, if elected, to bring it about, in obedience to the will of that anarchy which he represents. He has openly and repeatedly proclaimed his purpose, if elected, to debauch the Supreme Court, to rob it of its independence as an equal and co-ordinate branch of government, to make its justices elective for brief terms, subservient to every passing whim of popular passion, dependent upon temporary popularity for retention in office, and utterly destitute of that calm security and that freedom from political influence which have made of our Supreme Court at once a bulwark of constitutional right and the one court in all Christendom whose decisions are everywhere recognized as utterly uninfluenced by any consideration except those of law and right and constitutional prescription.

In brief, nobody proposes the least change in our system of government except Mr. Bryan and the more radical of his supporters; nobody has aught of Imperialist revolution in mind but they. Their cry of Imperialism rests solely upon the fact that the Administration has faithfully fulfilled the obligations imposed upon our government by the outcome of our war with Spain. They tell us that in the Philippines we are intruders and trespassers, and that our soldiers there are murderers. Yet they propose no other programme than that which Mr. McKinley has followed. They have not dared affront American intelligence by suggesting any other. The President himself, in his letter of acceptance, has made arrant foolishness of their pretensions. In answer to the cry that we ought to get out of the Philippines he has asked "How?" and they have no answer to give. To their plea that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, he justly asks when, where, and by what vote did the Filipinos consent to a government by Aguinaldo and his insurgent minority? He points out that there are eight or ten millions of Filipinos, and that the great majority of them seem to welcome and "consent" to American government—the very best government that was ever heard of in the archipelago—while nine-tenths of them very vigorously and violently object to the government of Aguinaldo and his gang. Should we then recognize the Aguinaldan government? Should we enforce it upon an unwilling people by our arms, under pretence of a protectorate? Would that be government by the "consent of the governed"? Would it not rather be the very worst possible form of Imperialism and militarism in practice?

Mr. McKinley proposes, and his candidacy implies, simply the maintenance of order in the Philippines until such time as an orderly government can be established there under American direction. Mr. Bryan has not dared suggest anything less as possible. He has marked out no other programme. Indeed, in urging the ratification of the treaty which made the Philippines ours, he himself pleaded for precisely this programme and no other. Neither he nor anybody else proposes that we shall withdraw our military force from the archipelago and leave it to a chaos of intestinal disorder destructive of its prosperity, and foreign spoliation ruinous to all its hopes.

In brief, there is no element of common-sense in the "spook issue" of Imperialism, as there is certainly none in the "trumped-up" issue of the trusts, concerning which latter there is absolutely no difference between the Republican and the Democratic platforms, and with regard to which we have the very highest legal and Democratic authority—that of Mr. Richard Olney—for saying that no national administration can enforce the laws already enacted, and that no Congress has power to enact others that shall be at once constitutionally valid and practically effective.

The campaign fines itself down, therefore, to the question whether we shall have honest dollars or dishonest ones; whether we shall receive one hundred cents or only half that amount for debts owing to us, for wages agreed to be paid, and for all the rest of it. There is the additional question whether we shall have an independent judiciary calmly sitting in a righteousness of justice which all the world honors, or a Supreme Court composed of small politicians elected every four years upon the current issues and the passing prejudices of the hour, and dependent for their re-election upon their ability to reflect the immediate whims of rhetorical platform-makers in their decisions concerning great constitutional questions.

There is also the question whether, under pretence of warfare upon trusts, and in order to prevent the abuse of corporate powers, we shall make wanton and destructive assaults upon all corporations, including those whose service is of inestimable value to the public, or shall intelligently discriminate between combinations of capital which serve the public, and other combinations which seek to prevent competition and to create monopoly. Mr. McKinley's candidacy clearly represents the intelligent end of that controversy; Mr. Bryan's the destructive end.

There is nothing else whatever at issue in this year's election. Every voter must choose whether he will give his suffrage in favor of honest money or of fifty-cent dollars; in favor of an independent judiciary, or for a judiciary composed of politicians and dependent for continuance in office upon the passing whims of politics; in favor of a rational and duly discriminative dealing with the trust evil, or in favor of a blindly insensate warfare upon all corporations, including those that are so wonderfully well doing the world's most necessary work, and those that are our chief ministers of prosperity.

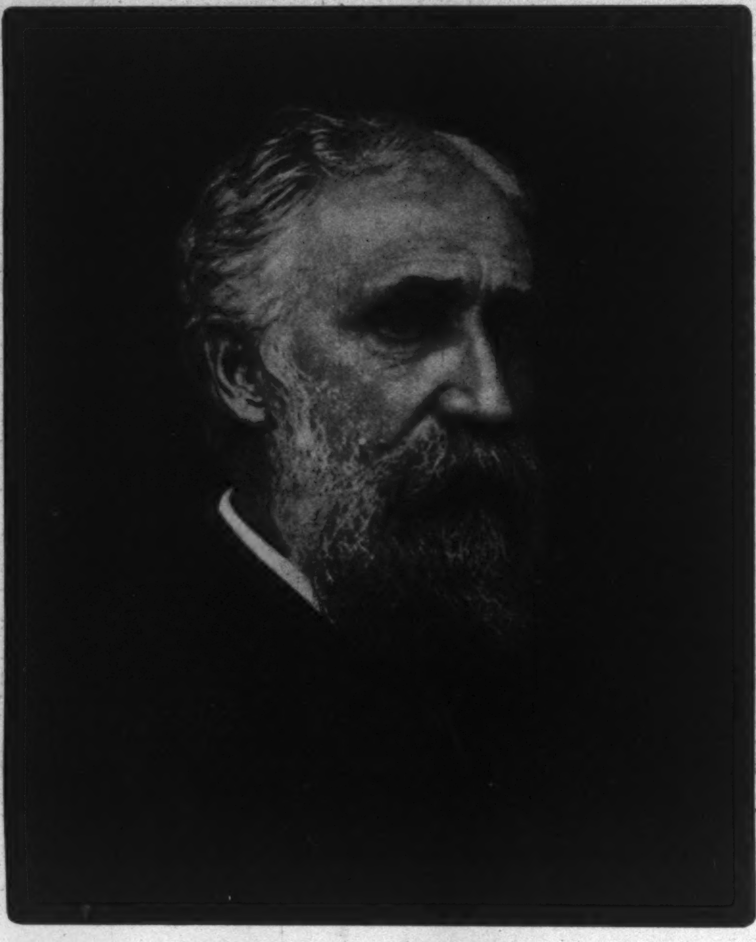
Will you vote for the country or against it? For order, or for anarchy? For honest money or for repudiation? For the national integrity or for the national shame? For the conservative statesmanlike government of our country, or for the relegation of its affairs to the control of desperate demagogues whose sole concern is to secure office, and who, to that end, are avowedly willing to do the desperate will of the most extravagant and unreasoning discontent?

These are the questions which every voter must answer to his country and to his conscience.

Can there be doubt as to the answer that the overwhelming majority will give at the polls?

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. *By E. S. Martin*

MR. WARNER has been for so many years a familiar figure in so large a world that the news of his death comes unkindly and with a pang into thousands of American homes. There is no living American man of letters whose personality was more familiar than his. There are few public men whose picture is so familiar. He took an excellent photograph, which showed his mental and spiritual quality more than photographs usually do, and for one reason or another it has been very widely published, so that millions of readers knew how he looked. He had been writing steadily and with reasonable profusion for forty years, and for thirty years at least his writings have been widely read and liked. He was the shining example of the journalist who aspired successfully to literature, and on that account he was an object of special personal interest to a great army of his countrymen who had similar aspirations. Bryant was a poet who became an editor. Mr. Warner was an editor who became an essayist and novelist. Both of them were especially notable as men who combined the newspaper profession with literature. Mr. Warner never entirely separated himself from journalism. He was an owner of the Hartford *Courant* to the end of his life, and his retirement from editorial labors on that paper seems to have been a gradual process, resulting from the increasing demands of other and more strictly literary work on his energies and time.



In his writings, to the last, there was so much of the best that youth is wont to offer us that it is hard to believe that he had come to an experience of what some one has called "the fatal disease of being seventy years old." It is true, though, that he was born of New England stock in Plainfield, Massachusetts, in 1829. His earliest American ancestor was Andrew Warner, who came from England to Massachusetts in 1632, and his paternal grandmother was directly descended from Francis Cook, a pilgrim of the *Mayflower*. His father was a farmer, with a six-hundred-acre farm, and the best library but one in his neighborhood. He died when Charles was five years old, and the boy then went to live with a relative in the near-by town of Cleremont. There he lived the life described later in the book called *Being a Boy*. His guardian presently sent him to school at Cazenovia, New York, an attractive old village, which is still a social centre of an importance disproportionate to its population. The intention was that he should go into business, and for a time in his boyhood he was put to work in a drug-store, and later in the post-office, but other inclinations seem to have shown themselves with force, for presently he entered Hamilton College, where he was graduated in 1851. At Hamilton he came to know Joseph R. Hawley, his intimacy with whom had much to do with shaping his later life. His strong literary bent showed itself in college in contributions to *The Knickerbocker* and *Putnam's Magazine*. No doubt it was at least as much of an exploit then as now for a college boy to get his pieces published in a grown-up magazine.

His health was not good after he left college, and to better it he went on a surveying expedition to Missouri. Next he entered the law department of the University of Pennsylvania, and graduating in 1856, practised law during the next four years in Chicago. He came East again in 1860 to help his old friend Hawley edit the Hartford *Press*. The following year Editor Hawley went to the war, and left his work to Mr. Warner. He edited the *Press* with ability and success until 1867. Meanwhile General Hawley had come home from the war, and served a term as Governor of Connecticut. Being defeated for re-election, he merged the *Press* into the *Courant*, and resumed his work as editor, with Mr. Warner as his coadjutor. General Hawley's return gave Mr. Warner a chance to go to Europe, where he spent fourteen months, contributing to the *Courant* a series of letters, which were widely copied, and foreshadowed, if they did not begin, his literary career. When he got back and took up his work again he published in the *Courant* the series of pleasant discourses which were gathered into a book and published in 1870 under the title of *My Summer in a Garden*. That book we all know, and most of us keep on our library shelves. It made Mr. Warner's qualities of sense and humor known to the reading world. It was followed, in 1872, by *Saunterings*, and *Backlog Studies*, and by a steady stream of pleasant books which did not lag nor weaken for thirty years. During the past fifteen years Mr. Warner was a frequent contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and much of his writing which afterwards came out in covers of its own made its first appearance in that periodical! So it was with *Their Pilgrimage*, a record of summer-resort experiences; and so appeared two of Mr. Warner's three novels, *A Little Journey in the World*, and *The Golden House*, but not his last novel, *That Fortune*. In 1894 Mr. Warner succeeded Mr. Howells as writer of the Editor's Study (in HARPER'S MAGAZINE), which he conducted until 1898.

In the list of his literary labors belong many other books, as *Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing* (1874), *My Winter on the Nile* (1876), *In the Levant* (1877), *In the Wilderness* (1878), *Captain John Smith* (1881), *Washington Irving* (1881). One of his later labors was to edit *The Library of the World's Best Literature*.

More than most literary men he labored constantly and usefully in other fields than that of literature. In Hartford he was a leader in local and municipal matters, and for years an important member of the Park Commission. He took a strong interest, too, in penology, and was for many years a member of the State Commission on Prisons in Connecticut, and of the National Prison Association. His interest in sociology was keen, and he was a member of that Committee of Fifty best known as yet for its efforts to solve the drink problem. Everything that appeals to a working journalist appealed to him and got some share of his attention.

Of his enviable home life in Hartford we all know something from his books. For many years, there, Mrs. Stowe was his next-door neighbor, Mark Twain lived around the corner, and Dr. Joseph Twitchell (who read the service at his funeral on October 23) was not far off. He built himself a house that he liked, with a garden back of it, through which runs the stream which the Hartford children know as "Mark Twain's River." He was much in New York in the winter, sometimes for months at a time. He made long visits now and then to Washington, and he travelled persistently at home and abroad. But nothing ever parted him permanently from his home in Hartford. It was near enough the centre of things literary for his purposes, and however often he left it and however long he staid away, he always came back to it. He married in 1856 Miss Susan Lee, of New York. They had no children, and doubtless that deprivation had its share in increasing the scope of Mr. Warner's activities. He was a frequent speaker, and made many addresses, some of them notable, on literary, educational, and sociological subjects. One of the last pieces of work that he did was to write an address on the occasion of his being made President of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. In this institute he was actively interested, and took a leading part in its organization.

There was charm and simplicity in Mr. Warner's literary style, and delightful humor in his turns of thought and speech, but though he wrote with a light touch, he thought gravely and ably into the heart of serious subjects. It was his character—his kindliness, his integrity, and conscientious pursuit of truth—that gave him influence and power.

His health began to fail some time since, and he barely got over an attack of pneumonia which he had two years ago in New Orleans. He died in Hartford on October 20.

JOHN SHERMAN. *By Henry Loomis Nelson*

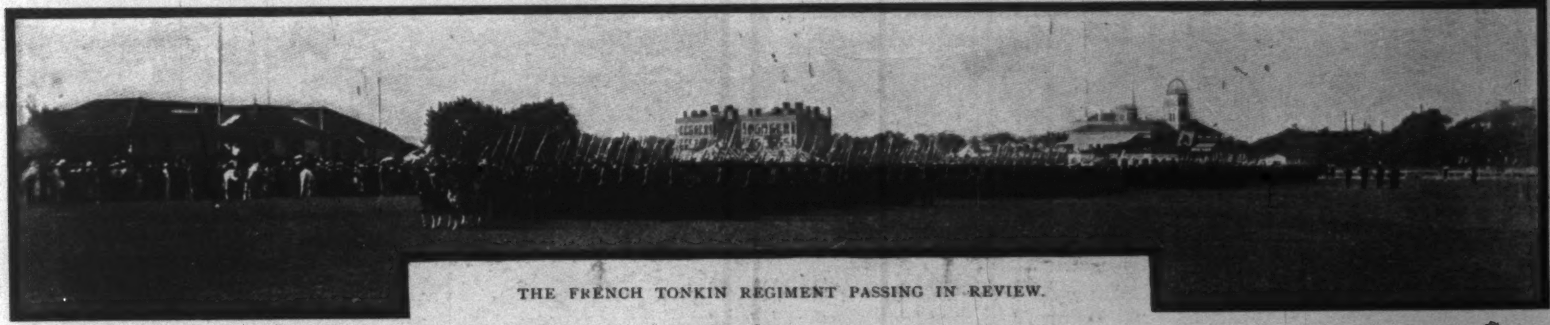
JOHN SHERMAN belonged to a generation of public men which has nearly passed from the field of politics in this country. With the exception of a few Senators like those from Massachusetts and Maine, and a few others, there is now left in American politics no one who has made the study of questions of government the work of his life. Mr. Sherman was a statesman in the true sense of the word. He came from a family of distinguished men. He was born at Lancaster Ohio, the 10th of May, 1823, and at fourteen, his father having died and left a large family and no estate, John Sherman was working for his living as an engineer. He studied law in the office of his brother Charles, and was admitted to the bar in 1844, when he was twenty-one years of age. When he was twenty-five he entered national politics as a delegate to the Whig convention which nominated Zachary Taylor for the Presidency; and in 1852 he was a delegate to the Baltimore convention which nominated Winfield Scott. He was elected to the national House of Representatives in 1854, taking his seat in 1855.

Mr. Sherman was rising into prominence at this time because he was one of those Whigs who were ranging themselves with the enemies of the slave power. He took a prominent part in the agitation arising out of the attempt to repeal the Missouri Compromise, the Dred Scott decision, the imposition of slavery upon Kansas, and the Fugitive-Slave Law. He was the author of the redemption act passed in 1875, and was a member of the committee which fixed the time for the resumption of specie payments as the 1st of January, 1879.

When Mr. Hayes was elected President, Mr. Sherman became Secretary of the Treasury, and it was due to his diligence and skill that a resumption fund was provided. As a provision for the 1st of January, 1879, Mr. Sherman had accumulated a fund of one hundred and forty millions of dollars in gold for the satisfaction of the legal tender notes. It is interesting to note that the unchangeable law of finance was once more verified in this case—the government being ready to pay gold for its paper, no payment of it was demanded. It is due to the truth of history to say that Mr. Sherman's career as a finance minister would have been very much greater if he had not damaged the resolution for resumption by procuring the passage of another providing that the greenbacks should be reissued as they were redeemed. This resolution has fastened the greenbacks upon the government, and was therefore the cause of the raids of 1893 upon the Treasury gold.

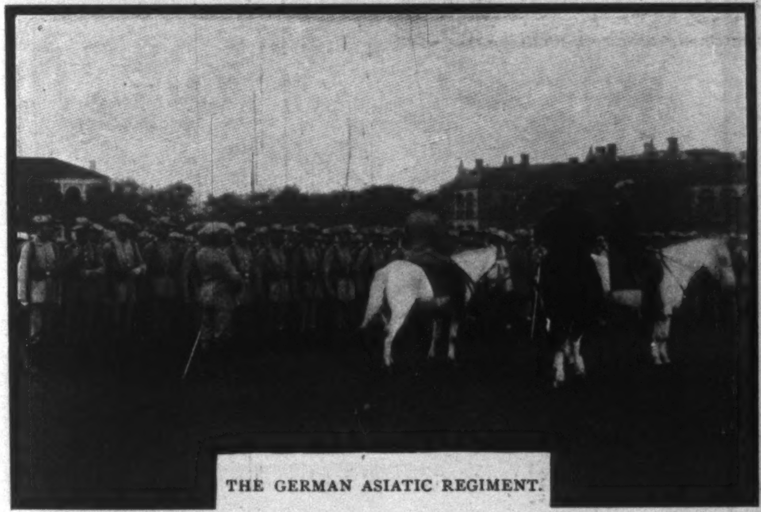
Mr. Sherman was a candidate for the Republican nomination to the Presidency in 1880, and received from ninety to ninety-seven votes in the convention. He was also a candidate in 1884 and 1888. In the latter year he received a vote ranging from 229 to 249, being the leading candidate against Benjamin Harrison. He returned to the Senate in 1881, and was re-elected in 1887. He was again re-elected, and was a member of the Senate when Mr. McKinley became President in 1897. Mr. Sherman was put at the head of the State Department. Although he had been Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and was more or less familiar with the workings of the department, Mr. Sherman had never taken great interest in foreign affairs or in international law, and was decidedly out of place at the head of the State Department. Moreover, his age and his failing faculties made it impossible for him to fill this new and onerous position with credit to himself and the country, so that in the work of the department preliminary to the breaking out of the war with Spain he was practically set aside and the business of the department was transacted through Judge William R. Day, the Assistant Secretary. Mr. Sherman was practically forced to resign April 25, 1899. Since then he has lived in retirement. He died October 22.

FIELD-MARSHAL VON WALDERSEE AT SHANGHAI

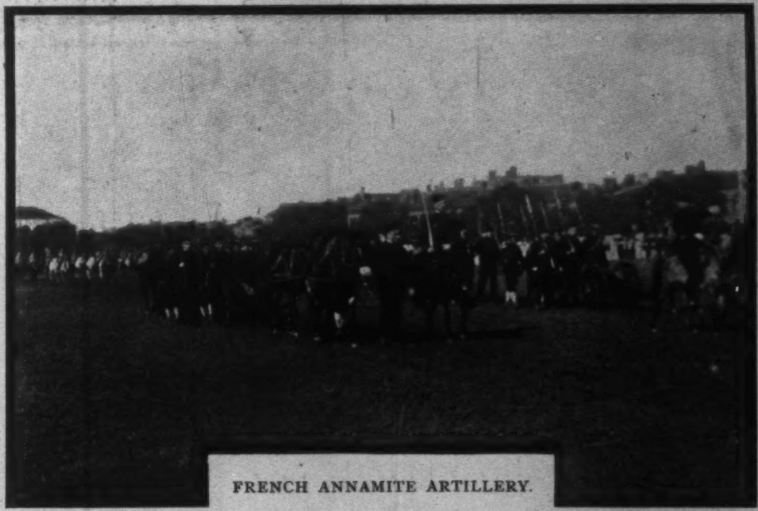


THE FRENCH TONKIN REGIMENT PASSING IN REVIEW.

COUNT VON WALDERSEE AND STAFF.



THE GERMAN ASIATIC REGIMENT.



FRENCH ANNAMITE ARTILLERY.

On the afternoon of September 21, Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee, the accepted generalissimo of the allied forces in China, arrived in Shanghai. His reception afforded the first opportunity for a side-by-side contrast of the troops which the strange god Circumstance had thrown together and under his command. The Indians turned out in winter regalia, the Sikhs in post-office red and canary yellow, the Baluchis in rifle green and crimson, and the Goorkhas in dark green. The French and Germans were in their usual uniform, the former in blue, and the latter in their country hats and cowhide boots.

But the following morning, at the general review by Count Waldersee of all the Shanghai troops, volunteers and regulars, on the broad, close-cropped lawns of the Public Recreation Grounds in the British Concession, was the ideal chance for a comparison. Shanghai has never before seen such a military spectacle. At seven o'clock the crowds began to congregate and troops to arrive. The streets lined with the gold signs of Chinese shops, blazoned to extra brilliancy in the slanting sunlight, were thronged with gayly dressed foreigners and natives. Before long the Khaki regiment of Indians, a study in browns, was massed in line of close columns of companies on the left, the Germans being given the right of line in deference to the nationality of the commander-in-chief. The Germans took their place, stacked arms, and broke ranks, till a low order snapped them back again—a showy bit of drill and discipline to see. In the centre were massed the French infantry and artillery, the Shanghai volunteer regiment, including a company of Americans in campaign hats, and British, French, German, and Japanese contingents, the volunteer light-horse, and a squadron of Indian cavalry—in all about six thousand men. In front were the bright summer costumes of the foreign spectators; and behind, the perfect level of grass, the Chinese houses, and a yellow and blue fringe of thousands of silk and cotton clad natives, rank outsiders in their own land, watching the spectacle from beyond the grounds.

I was standing by when Count von Waldersee came on the field. His uniform was covered with gold, and a broad yellow ribbon was across his chest. In his hand was the field-marshal's bâton presented by the German Emperor just before his departure to take command—a gaudy bit of blue enamel crowned and chased in gold. It was a fine vigorous face that surmounted his sturdy figure and looked out from under his helmet, and he sat his charger like a youth. A quick inquiry in German, to make sure of the position of the officers waiting to receive him, and he broke from his staff and advanced towards them at a sharp canter. Before them, he pulled his horse up with the ease of a practised rider, and saluted with his bâton. After passing down the line of troops with his staff, he moved to another part of the grounds and reviewed the troops as they marched past. He must have felt as he watched them the extraordinary nature of the situation before him, and the difficulties of the task he has to face. The Germans, going by to fife and drum with the precision of a machine, are all right; he knows them. But the French, preceded by their bugles, now so friendly, what of them? What difficulties and imbroglios with those officers on the puny ponies and those slightly straggling ranks does the future hold. And those close-knit, businesslike columns of brown men with their bagpipes, those quick-moving little Japs, and that Northern Cloud, unrepresented here, but all-important, what are they to be? All these questions must have passed through his mind as he sat there gravely watching the motley thousands pass. And what are they to be? The scene has been set, the actors are on the stage, the prologue has been played. The play is beginning. What it is, tragedy or comedy, farce, melodrama or opera-bouffe, the aroused interest of the spectators waits breathless to see.

George P. Dyer, U.S.N.

Shanghai, *September 29, 1900.*

HOMELESS.

A SIKH WITH LOOT.

NATIVE LOOTERS.

THE BRITISH GENERAL DORWARD SUPERINTENDING THE DIVISION OF LOOT.

LIVE LOOT.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT.

BEGGING FOR MERCY.

GENERAL DORWARD AND STAFF AT TU-LIU.

A TYPICAL SIKH.

THE LOOTING OF TU-LIU, NEAR TIENTSIN, SEPTEMBER 12, 1900.

NATIVES FIGHTING OVER LOOT IN THE STREET.

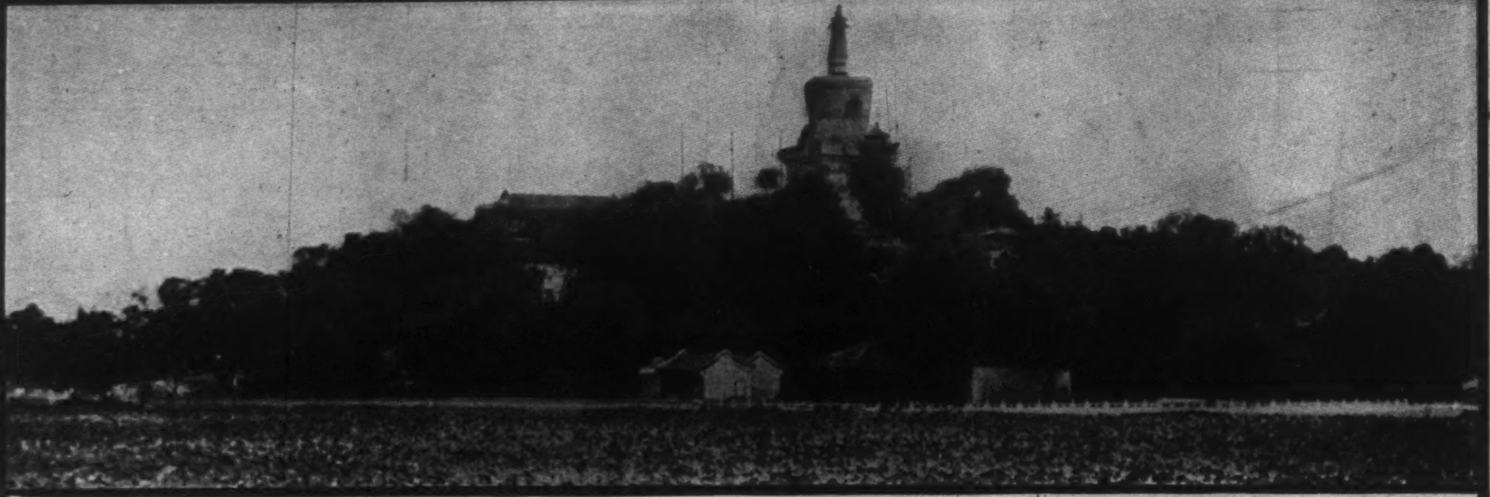
A BRITISH OFFICER TRYING TO CLEAR THE STREETS.

THE COURT OF THE TU-LIU PAWN-SHOP STREWN WITH LOOT.

SIKHS DIVIDING LOOT ON A HOUSE-TOP.

SIKHS BREAKING INTO A HOUSE FOR LOOT.

THE LOOTING OF TU-LIU, NEAR TIENTSIN, SEPTEMBER 12, 1900.



INSIDE THE IMPERIAL CITY, PEKING—THE MONGOL TEMPLE AND THE LOTUS-BEDS.

THE TAKING OF PEKING

BY O. K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

FROM Yang-tsun north the march of the Peking relief column rapidly developed into a foot-race with the retreating Chinese. In planning the work beforehand it had been agreed to come upon the two walled towns of Chang-chia-wan and Tung-chou after short marches, one of eight miles and the other of four, but the first three stretches were very long. We left Yang-tsun after a day for rest, which most of the men had used in wandering about, with the cheerful Russians sniping dogs all about, and bullets whistling through the streets as if we still were fighting somebody. The road was along a high, broad embankment, and the going was good. Before ten o'clock the Japanese had made their camp and were turned in for the day, it being the business of the fighting Jap apparently to sleep all the time he possibly can when in camp. The Americans made pretty good marching that day, and soon after noon began to reach the camp-ground. All through the march to Peking the Americans and British had much the worst of the marching, because they had to do it so late in the day, whereas the Japanese, having the advance, could move out early and get most of their work done while it was still cool. The usual marching hour for the Americans was between six and seven o'clock, and the result was always that they were strung out on the road nearly all day and subjected to the fearful heat. They camped for the night usually in a corn-field, and it was amazing to see how deft the men became in shaping up shacks for themselves out of the corn-stalks. Fifteen minutes after the men had been turned into a field it would be converted into rows of little shelters, which was a very good thing in a way for them, for most of them had thrown away their blankets before Yang-tsun. As far as possible the Japanese camped in the villages. The men understood exactly how to make themselves most comfortable in the shortest time, and it was always fun to see them go at it. As soon as the place was selected the men who were to occupy it would tumble out all the furniture the Chinese had had, and then sweep it clean and slick. Then they got fresh matting and spread around and in three minutes were stretched out asleep. Camping in the villages gave the Japanese a great advantage if it rained, as it did several times on the march.

The march to Tsai-tsun was not so hard, taken by itself, but the next day, with all the conditions a little worse, the march was a little further to Ho-si-wu. It was hotter; there was not so frequent villages where good water could be had; the men were in not quite so good condition of mind and temper; the strain was harder. But it was very important to get to Ho-si-wu, and it turned out that we were not a minute too soon. The Chinese were chased away by the Japanese advance-guard from one of the most stupendous works I have ever seen. They were digging a trench by which they apparently expected to turn the Pei River out over the flat country to the south of Ho-si-wu; and if they had ever succeeded in doing that the allies would have been utterly unable to use the river in getting supplies up to Tung-chou, the base for Peking. They had chosen a point where the river makes a sharp bend, so as to enable them to sink junks below the cut to help turn the flood. The bank at that place was more than twice the usual height, but that did not stop them. They cut straight down through it, well below the river-level, and carried the cut back four or five hundred yards to some gardens, where preparations were being made to divide it and send the water on in two streams. The secondary ditches had just then started, and one of them was only spade-deep. The Japanese came on the Chinese very suddenly this morning, and they had a very hard run to get away. They left everything they had where it was, and simply fled as they stood in their shoes. Sacks of rice were strewn all along the cut, and pots of it were cooking. The Chinese had apparently impressed a great many coolies to work on the cut, for the place was littered with their gear. Two or three were lying about dead, who looked very much as if the Chinese had killed them for not working fast enough. There were plenty of long Boxer spears, scores of them lying about, thirty-foot bamboo poles with little iron tip and fancy plume, and piles of Boxer banners, but we saw only two or three dead soldiers. In an old temple in the north edge of the town a great quantity of black powder was found, and the day after we left, just at sunset, the garrison that had been stationed there had the fun of setting the thing off and making an explosion that was heard and felt for many miles.

Of course, going into camp did not really end the work for the Japanese. Their advance-guard kept pushing on always for some time after camp was located, sometimes going until afternoon. Then the fresh men were sent forward to relieve those who had done the day's work, and to do it for to-morrow. They stood the marching very well; very few straggled or fell out, and they seemed always cheerful and good-natured. It was noticeable that whenever a man did fall out he had all his kit on him. The Americans and the few pukka British who were along seemed to suffer more in the temper than the others. What the Russians thought about it there was no saying. One heard evidences in the language along the lines where English was spoken of the discomfort and unhappiness of the men. There was no denying that it was hard marching. Most of the way the road was across perfectly flat country, through fields of corn fully ten feet tall, where no breeze could possibly percolate down to the sweaty, thirsty men, toiling along through sand and dust two or three inches deep. They played out at it pretty badly first and last, but there was never any let-up from the original plan agreed upon before we left Yang-tsun. The day after Ho-si-wu they marched us eighteen miles. It was the most terrible day I ever saw. It seemed as if the men simply could not get through. There wasn't a breath of air stirring aloft, and the fearful sun beat straight down on us with terrible energy. That day I saw men pitch forward on their faces, dead as they fell. I saw men go crazy and try to fight the comrades who endeavored to help them, and many a man fell in the road in convulsions. It was that afternoon that I said to General Fukushima:

"You have marched us very hard. We are very tired."

"Ah!" he replied, with a smile. "The Chinese are very tired too. We are very hot, the Chinese are very hot too, and they are very scared, but we are not."

The Americans could not make their camp that day. It was supposed to be Mah-to, but they turned into the field when evening fell still below Mah-to, and the British camped below them. The Russians had struggled up to their place, but at a cost of stragglers such as they had not shown on any day's march yet. It was the next morning, taking it easy on the short march to Chang-chia-wan, that the Russian officer ranged alongside and proceeded to fill himself up with information about America and a few other places. After an hour's sharp cross-questioning, in which he had learned that it is not necessary that the Christian name of the candidate for the Presidency should be William, though it happens this year to be the name of each of the two principal candidates, he suddenly shifted ground completely, and said,

"But these Japanese—how do you mean them?"

"They are very good soldiers," I said; "the best in many respects in the expedition."

He seemed to be greatly surprised. "Do you think so?" he said. "No, I think they are weak."

"What do you mean by weak?" I asked him.

"Well, they do not march well; they lie down very much; many of them come on by-and-by."

"Oh! I see; they straggle."

"Yes, that is it; they straggle."

"But yesterday I saw as many Russians straggling as Japanese, and there are twice as many Japanese troops in the column as Russians. You Russians do not want to think the Japanese are weak when it comes to the matter of fighting them."

"Ah, but we are all working together now; there is no fight with anybody but the Chinese."

"But after a while in Korea."

"Ah, Korea! No, that is impossible. She must never have Korea."

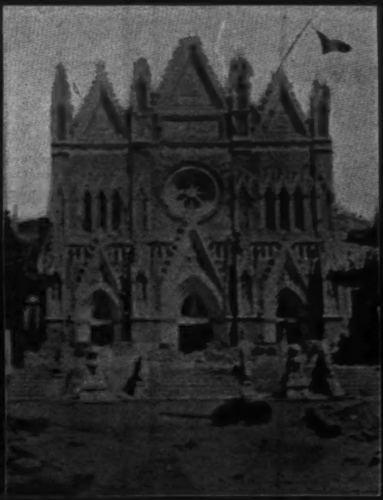
It was very entertaining to be stopped in the midst of this conversation by a halt which was ordered to give the Russians a chance to withdraw from the advance-guard. They had asked for permission to put a battalion of infantry and a battery in the advance, lending them, as it were, to the Japanese, but the desire being to have the Russians in the advance. The Japanese agreed, and all this morning had been struggling with the Russians to get them to march fast enough. It was the custom of the Japanese to start out from their camp before daylight, and by the time it was light to have covered enough ground so as to be pretty close to the rear of the Chinese. Then when they struck the Chinese, they never let go all day. It took some lively going at times, but if the Jap has to do a dog-trot for four or five miles he can do it. The Russians probably could not keep up anything like the speed of the Japanese. At any rate, this morning they would not try. It was impossible for the Japanese to maintain contact with the Chinese, and so about nine o'clock Linievitch was politely requested to withdraw his men from the advance. In the mix-up I lost the inquisitive officer. I was very sorry, for I should have enjoyed his explanation of the occurrence.

As the troops were going through Chang-chia-wan that afternoon there was a curious exhibition. Somebody had tied a Chinese coolie to a post by his queue. He got tired of standing up and sat down. Then the men—they were Japanese—began occasionally to kick him. No one seemed to care about it especially. It wasn't a general thing; just now and then a man fell out of line as the column passed and kicked the coolie. When I came back that way later the coolie was dead.

It being only four miles from Chang-chia-wan to Tung-chou, the advance-guard naturally got pretty close to Tung-chou. Then a force of several hundred Chinese came out as if they intended to fight, and preparations were made for it early in the morning. But it was the old game, and in the night the Chinese ran away, so that when the Japanese engineers got to the gate to guncotton it, at three o'clock in the morning, they found it undefended, and blew it in, as they reported, simply as a salute. All the troops were moved up to Tung-chou, where good camps were found, and had a chance to get some rest after the terrible work of the forced marching of the last few days. A great many Chinese had tempted fate by remaining in their homes, but before the day was well along many of them were regretting it. In the afternoon, one well near where I was had been used by seven women to commit suicide, and in another there were half a dozen young girls, thrown in to escape outrage.

The conference of generals at Tung-chou decided on the preliminaries of the attack on Peking. All hands were to move out on Monday morning, the 13th of August, in reconnoissance in force, proceed about seven miles toward Peking, camp, and establish contact with the other camps, as well as sending smaller recon-

THE BARRICADED STREETS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS.



NORTH CATHEDRAL WHERE THE FRENCH WERE BESIEGED.

THE AMERICAN POSITION ON THE TARTAR CITY WALL.

noissances forward, each to protect his own front. The four forces were to march on four roads, the Japanese on the stone or main road from Tung-chou to Peking, the Russians on the road south of that just north of the canal, the Americans on the road just south of the canal, and the British on a road about a mile south of us. All the roads are practically parallel. Tuesday was to be devoted to further reconnoissance work, with the possibility of getting a force clear around Peking, and Wednesday the general attack was to be made all along the east wall at daylight. The plan worked as far as the close of the first day, when it occurred to the Russians that they had an advantage, and immediately they threw over the agreement and went in for themselves. After establishing camp on Monday afternoon seven miles out from Tung-chou, the Russians kept on with most of their force, and succeeded in getting very close to the wall of the Chinese city, near the Tung-pien-mun, which was the place it had been planned that the Russians and Americans should attack, the Japanese being engaged further up with the Chi-hua-mun in the Tartar wall. The Russians say that when they got near the Tung-pien-mun, they found it defended by only a handful of men, and considered the opportunity for rushing it too great to be overlooked. So in the middle of the night they got up their battery and blew in the gate, after having turned the Maxims on it and along the wall for three or four hours. They met with very little opposition, and easily killed all the Chinese they found inside the gate. But then they concluded that they ought to go on to the Ha-ta-mun, the big gate in the south wall of the Tartar city, next to the strip of wall held by some of our guards, and by taking that, relieve the legations at once. They limbered up the battery and started, after sending word to the Japanese that they had surprised the Chinese and occupied a portion of the wall. The Chinese had swarmed their re-enforcements down to the Tartar wall, and as soon as the Russians came in range, the first volley stopped ten of the eighteen battery-horses. Major-General Wasselievski, the chief of staff, who happened to be in command of the movement, was very critically hit through the shoulder, and one after another three men who went to his assistance were killed. By the time the Russians could get back to their little gate they had lost twenty-six killed and about a hundred wounded. It was broad daylight.

The Japanese were very angry when they heard of the Russian breach of faith. They sent word at once to the Americans and British, and immediately prepared to move forward on their own plan. Most of the British force had not been moved from Tung-chou on Monday, but was simply to join the reconnoissance to-day. The Americans, fortunately, had all been marched out on Monday afternoon, except some of the marines, so that when Chaffee got wind of what was going on he was able to rely on having all his men with him. The Japanese had left part of their heaviest artillery at Tung-chou, and now sent in to hurry it out as fast as possible. All night we had heard heavy firing from within the city, and now it began to be evident that those in the city were to hear heavy firing from the outside all day. There were many comments when the guns got into action on what music it must seem to the besieged, after all. By eight o'clock the Russians were fighting again at the Tung-pien-mun, where they had had their trouble during the night. The Americans going straight along their road came to the moat which was swept by a nasty fire from some towers on the wall further to the southward. One by one they ran across, and all got over unhurt, two companies of the Fourteenth, led by Colonel Daggett himself, and with the regimental colors. Once under the wall, the question immediately became how to get to the top of it. It was old and worn, and many holes had been made by the falling out of ends of bricks. With their hands and feet using these holes, and helping each other where they could, those fellows swarmed up that wall. It was very slow work, but they were constantly getting more men to the top. Some one found a rope so that guns and equipment could be sent up in a sling, and after that the climbing was easier. Finally, nearly all the men in the two companies got to the top of the wall. It was then just eleven o'clock. The Russians had just hoisted their flag over the Tung-pien-mun when the colors of the Fourteenth went up on the wall beside them.

Meantime the Japanese had gone into action against the Chi-hua-mun with fifty-four guns. About a mile to the eastward of the gate there is a sharp break downward in the road from Tung-chou to the city. This gives the effect of an eminence as far as artillery work is concerned. Along the crest of this so-called eminence, in the arc of a circle, the six mountain and three field batteries were posted, and for three or four hours they pounded away with all the vigor of the Japanese. In one minute twenty shells were counted that burst on the Chi-hua-mun. They sent the engineers forward to guncotton the gate, supported by two battalions of infantry, but it was impossible for them to make any advance. The Chinese flocked about the gate. They were armed with everything in the Chinese category, including gingals, and they made such a vigorous defence that the Japanese could not get near the gate. Whenever the Japanese slacked off their shell-fire to give the men in the street a chance to go ahead, the Chinese swarmed out of their cover and poured a very heavy fire down on them, to which they were quite unable to respond from the street. As soon as the shelling was renewed the Chinese went to cover again. So it was determined early in the day by the Japanese that they were to have another all-night performance, as at Tientsin. Their orders were not to retire, but to take advantage of the first opportunity to get ahead under cover of the darkness.

Meantime, the Russians and Americans, both having got into the city, seemed content to sit about the wall for a while and contemplate the matter. The British, marching away from Tung-chou, had the best luck of all. They came to a gate where there was almost no resistance. The Chinese were easily brushed away, and when they entered the Chinese city they started straight for the road which they knew would lead them through the Tartar wall, and into the legations. They found it quite unopposed, and so after simply marching out from Tung-chou they were the first to relieve the legations. The Russians meantime were bringing up their troops and getting themselves into some sort of shape after the curious work of the night. The performance of the Americans was curious. When all the men came up from the road to the Tung-pien-mun, soon after noon, and there had been a big row with the Russians about getting our battery through the gate when theirs was standing in the street, the Fourteenth went part of the way into the city, and one battalion going up one road, the other up another, sat down to rest under the shade of some huts. The Ninth did the same thing, and so did the marines. Part of the battery went off up a street parallel to the wall, and part staid behind and shelled the top of the wall with great vigor, keeping down the snipers who were making it unpleasant. Chaffee disappeared completely. No one knew where he had gone or when he would come back, and no one had any orders to do anything. One of the staff-officers actually talked about going back into camp. Finally, after two hours of this most maddening waiting, Chaffee came back, but the legations had been relieved by that time, and the Americans had lost their chance to be first.

The regiment of Sikhs marching through the muddy sluice canal into the British Legation got a welcome as cosmopolitan as it was enthusiastic. From the swarms of Chinese, even the children, who had stuck it out with the besieged, they were greeted with their first cheers. The Chinese had been living in the buildings lining the canal by which they came, and turned out in numbers to see their rescuers. In the legation grounds it was a nervous, happy time. The big Indians grinned when the white ladies smiled and said pleasant things to them, and understood it all well enough. Members of every nationality represented in the siege were there to greet the troops, and their assurance that they were "glad to see" General Gaselee and his men was no less hearty and sincere than his reply that he was "glad to see" them. When the Americans came, they too were all marched through the British grounds. They were a tired, hard-looking lot. The march had told on them very hard, and there had been no opportunity for washing clothes. Now, when they came into the presence of the ladies, in their fresh white gowns, and saw the men in clean white, it did not seem to set well. In some of the houses there was whiskey-and-water for the men and officers, and some of the ladies went about the compound serving hot tea, which was delicious and very grateful.

This was the first conversation I had in the British Legation on the subject of the siege. The other party was a benevolent elderly man, with a fine white beard. I do not know his name. He sat down on a bench with me near the chapel. "You must have had a hard time," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "we had a very hard time."

"Tell me how your supplies held out," I said; "that was one of the matters that was worrying us most."

"The supplies held out pretty well," he said; "we were practically out of tinned milk, and almost out of butter."

Next day it dawned on me that the reason there had been so many contradictory estimates was that no one really knew. There had never been a community except among the missionaries. They knew exactly how much food they had all the time, but there were several other messes, and each had its own stock. The huge winter stores from San Francisco had been put in in some cases, and although these were drawn on very liberally by others, it could not be said that there ever was a community of food stores so that any one could tell how long it would last. Coming down the river one of the young ladies who went through the siege told me that in the mess where she lived those who had jam on their rice could not have butter too, and those who had butter could not have jam.

It seemed to me that so far as stores were concerned they could have held out for some time; but the really serious danger—and it was constantly growing—was the steady depletion of their guards. Half of them had been hit or killed; it could not go on that way for much longer with the legationists still holding their lines. It was ruin to draw in the lines anywhere. The following statement of the condition of the guards at the close of the siege is from the headquarters of each in Peking, and as accurate as can be:

The American marine guard consisted of 53 officers and men. Of these 7 were killed and 20 were wounded. One American civilian was also wounded. They had 27,000 rounds of ammunition, of which 10,000 rounds remained when the legations were relieved.

The Japanese Legation had a guard of 25 soldiers and 31 civilians. Five soldiers and 3 civilians were killed; 14 soldiers and 4 civilians were wounded. They had 180 rounds of ammunition per man at first, with 25 rounds per man when relief came.

There were 82 marines at the British Legation. Three were killed and 24 wounded. They had 24,000 rounds of ammunition, of which they used 14,000.

The French guard consisted of 77 marines, of which 31 were at Pe-tang. Twenty-two were killed and 29 wounded. They had 316 rounds of ammunition per man at first, and 160 per man when relieved.

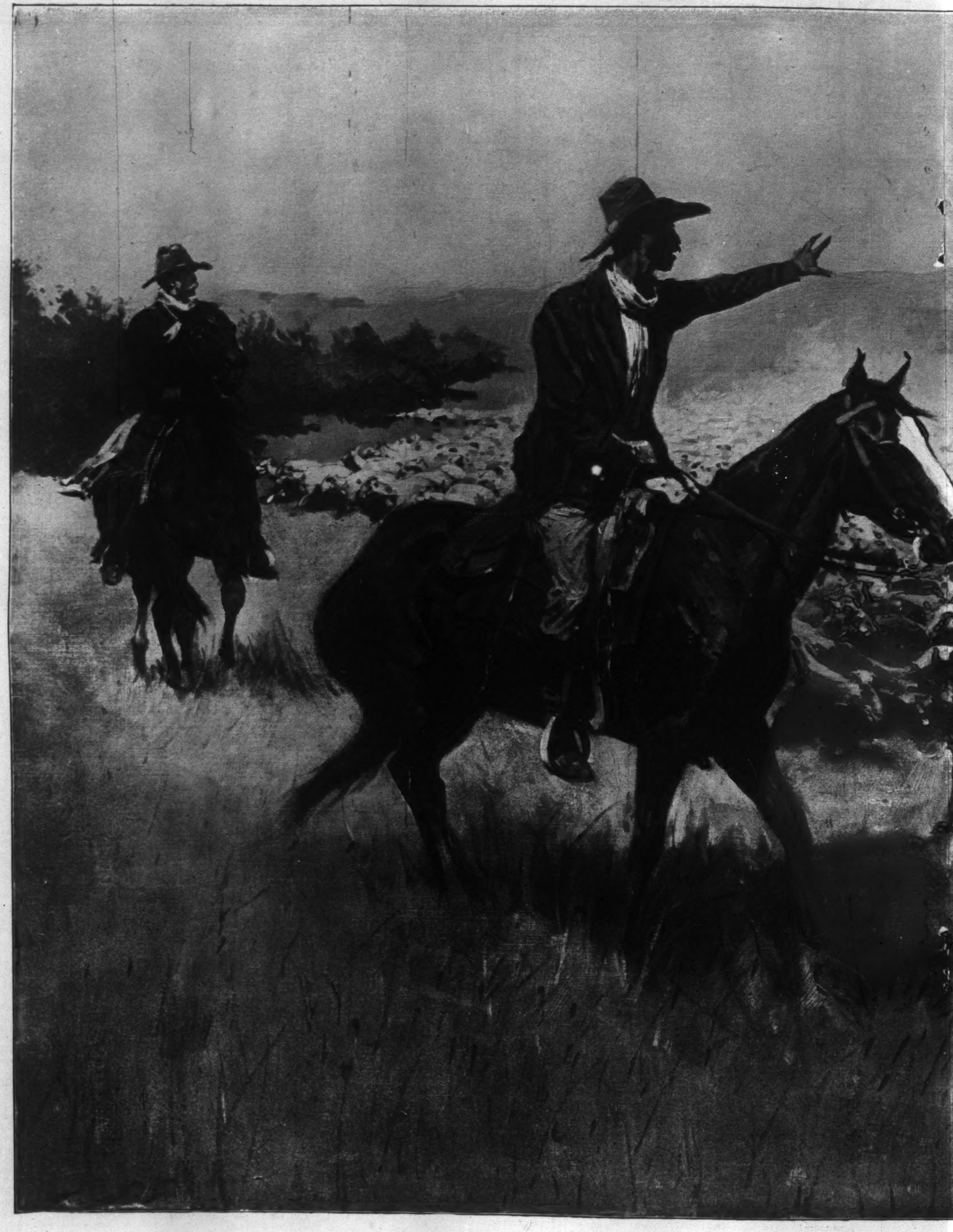
The Italian guard of 41 soldiers had 13 killed and 19 wounded. They had no ammunition when the allies arrived.

The Russian guard consisted of 74 marines, 7 Cossacks, and 6 civilians. Of the marines and Cossacks 6 were killed and 18 wounded. They had 140 rounds of ammunition at the beginning of the siege, but as they manufactured most of the cartridges used in their defence, they still had 120 rounds per man when relieved.

The German guard of 50 marines lost 11 killed and 15 wounded. They had 180 rounds of ammunition per man at first, but only 60 rounds for 32 men at the end.

The Austrian guard of 35 men had 4 killed and 10 wounded. Of 19,000 rounds of ammunition they expended 9000 rounds.

It must be remembered that much ammunition was made and taken and bought. Whenever Chinese cartridges were to be had they were used and our own saved. After their supply failed, the Italians borrowed from the Russians and from the French.



THE DROUGHT IN

CATTLEMEN WARNING SHEEP-HERDE

THE SOUTHWEST

DERS AWAY FROM THEIR WATER

THE CARDINAL'S ROSE

BY van TASSEL SUTPHEN

SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czareska lives, together with his daughter Irma; Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czareskas, and determines to solve the mystery. He obtains possession of the jewel, but it turns out to be only a clever imitation of the original. It develops that du Midi is the rightful heir to the crown of Aetolia, now worn by a usurper. The ruby is being used by his enemies, chief of whom is a certain Captain Coventry, to secure a loan from a well-known Paris banker.

CHAPTER XV

A PRISONER OF WAR

AT precisely seven o'clock I took up my assigned position, directly across the street from the magnificent residence in the Avenue Hoche belonging to a certain M. Montalivet. All through the day we had been receiving reports from our agents, and it was absolutely certain that up to this time the Baron had held no communication whatever with Coventry.

After leaving his office in the Rue de la Banque, the banker had driven to an establishment in the Rue de la Paix, and had remained for half an hour in close consultation with one of the heads of the firm. An hour's drive in the Bois followed, and at half past six he had returned.

From my knowledge of the Baron's social engagements we were aware that he had an engagement at eight o'clock to dine with the gentleman before whose house I had taken up my station. Slowly the minutes went by while I waited for my man's arrival. It was a possibility that Coventry might be among the guests, and the thought fretted me. It was the one contingency that might seriously affect our plan of action.

Two or three minutes before eight the Kerker carriage drove up, and, lounging carelessly past the gateway, I heard the loud voice of the Baron ordering the footman to return for him at exactly half after nine o'clock. I had caught a glimpse of the carriage, as it rolled into the court-yard, and the Baron was certainly alone. No other guests appeared, and I concluded that the dinner was probably a matter of business between the two men. And finally I received a report by messenger from mademoiselle that the Baron had received no visitors at his house between the hour of his arrival from the Bois, at half past six, and that of his departure for the Avenue Hoche, at a quarter of eight. So far so good.

It was half after nine now, and, indeed, several minutes over the time, but the Baron's carriage had not appeared, nor had any attempt been made to summon it from the house. Had Samson and Stephan failed, or, worse yet, had the warning been given to the birds while the fowlers were even now spreading their nets? Was there a side-door, a back entrance, to M. Montalivet's house? Madame Verriker! A thousand and one conjectures flashed through my mind. And now what? Should I abandon my post and endeavor to communicate with my superior officers—or was it already too late? I stood irresolute, cursing impartially my stupidity and my bad luck. Only twenty minutes of ten, but that ten minutes had been an eternity.

The horses with their rubber shoes, and the carriage with its equally noiseless tires, were almost upon me as I ran across the street, but I managed to pick up my heels in time. I gave a hasty glance at the men on the box as the carriage turned into the court-yard—they were Samson and Stephan. So that part of the programme had gone through without a hitch. The Baron's own men were undoubtedly lying stupidly drunk in the back room of some cabaret sacred to coachmen, and happily unconscious that their livery was now being worn by the two strangers who had entertained them so often and so handsomely during the last hour and a half. Hardly had the carriage entered the court-yard when the great house-door was thrown open and the Baron appeared in person and called excitedly to the coachman to make haste.

Evidently the Baron had just realized that he had overstayed his time, and he was in a hurry to make it up. Stephan stood at the door of the carriage to receive his orders. It might be awkward if the Baron chanced to scan him too closely. Fortunately the rain gave our man the excuse to wear his oilskin-covered hat low down over his eyes, and his master did not even glance at him. "Home," he ordered, and the carriage door slammed.

As the coach rolled out into the street I made a jump for the rear springs. There was no place upon which I could find a seat, but no matter; by holding on to the straps I could keep up the pace, and the first course would not be long. Samson had his instructions to turn into the first side street, instead of keeping straight down the avenue to the Rond Point, and the crisis would be quick enough in coming, once the Baron discovered that he was being taken out of his road.

Just as we had got fairly under way I looked back, and saw a cab being driven furiously from the direction of the Rue de Courcelles. It pulled up in front of the Montalivet house, and a man sprang to the sidewalk. Under the glare of the gas-lamp I made him out to be Coventry. It had been a narrow margin, but enough for us to win out.

It was only a matter of ten minutes' drive to the house in the Champs Elysées, and I wondered how long it would take the Baron to grow impatient. By this time Samson had so skilfully turned our course that we were now going directly away from our assumed destination, and were in the Rue Daru; there was the Russian church on our right. A moment later the check-string was violently pulled, and the coach stopped. Stephan jumped to the ground and stepped up to the window on the near side. Now for my part.

I was at the other door the instant after and turned the handle quietly. It yielded, and I slipped into the vacant seat by the Baron's side. That gentleman was leaning out of the opposite window, and swearing alternately in French and German at the impassive Stephan. Then suddenly the Baron seemed to realize that there was something wrong; perhaps he recognized that the footman was not his own servant, in spite of the livery that he wore. With surprising quickness he drew in his head and threw himself bodily over to the right. Evidently his idea had been to leave the carriage by the other door, but of course he plumped straight into me, and then collapsed with an absurdly rabbitlike squeak as the end of the pistol-barrel came into sharp contact with his ribs.

"I am sorry to discommode you, monsieur," I said, speaking close at his ear; "but I need not waste words upon a sensible man like yourself. Do not attempt to stir or open your mouth, my dear Baron. All right, Stephan."

Well, the old fellow took it all with astonishing coolness and with instant acquiescence in the unanswerable logic of the situation. For all that, I kept the pistol-muzzle in suggestive touch with his side, for we were now passing through the well-lighted thoroughfare of the Boulevard de

"I RAN ACROSS THE STREET."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2283.

Courcelles, and I had no intention of losing my prize before we reached port.

The rendezvous that had been given me was a house in a quiet street running off from the Place de Clichy, and we found the General awaiting us as the carriage rolled into the enclosure. The General helped the Baron to descend with serious affability, and murmured an apology for the extraordinary circumstances that were responsible for their meeting. The Baron bowed an acknowledgment and waited silently.

"It will be necessary, my dear Baron, that you favor me with your company for a few days," explained the General, with some embarrassment. "As we shall start upon our little journey very shortly, you may like to make a few changes in your toilet. If you will be good enough to follow my valet, he will see that you are fitted out with everything that you may desire."

"It is the General Count Czareska that I have the honor of addressing?" began the Baron, tentatively. "I think I know your face."

"At your service."

"*Hein!* that is quite enough, and I am entirely at your disposal, my dear General. For the moment I was under the uncomfortable impression that I had made the acquaintance of professional tax-gatherers, and was about to swallow my shirt-studs. But you, General—oh, that is different, and we amateurs should respect each other's little whims. I collect clocks, and you apparently make a specialty of bankers. *Eh, bien!* You have made an excellent start, and I am honored in being No. 1 in your catalogue. You said this way? At your service, then, General;" and with another profound bow our amiable prisoner of war followed Vital.

The General grasped my hand warmly and drew me after him into one of the ground-floor rooms. He was unmistakably worried and upset about something.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, as I looked about me. The table was strewn with railroad maps and time-cards, and the General pointed at them tragically as he answered:

"Another dead-wall. There has been an accident on the railway, ten miles beyond St.-Germain, and the line is blocked. Moreover, there is a second break—a land-slide, I believe, near Louvre. Not a train is likely to get through before morning."

Unpleasant news, indeed! The first section of our party, consisting of mademoiselle, du Midi, Mrs. Verriker, and the two maids, had taken the seven-o'clock express, and, since they had gone through before the accident, they must be now nearing Havre. If we were compelled to wait for the clearing of the line we might as well throw up our hands at once.

I walked over to the table and bent over the railway map that the General had been studying.

"It seems that Rouen is a division point," I said, quick, with a new thought. "We might get a special there which would take us through in time."

"Yes, but how are we to reach Rouen, which is sixty-seven miles from Paris? It is now half after ten, and even over the best of country roads, and with two or three changes, we cannot hope to do better than ten miles an hour. It will be eleven o'clock before we can get started, and, granting that we do make our best speed, it will still be after six before we can reach Rouen, and from there it is two hours and a half by rail to Havre. Remember that the fact of the Baron's abduction should be suspected, and indeed established, by eight o'clock at the latest, for Coventry will not be idle, and the telegraph will be set working in all directions. It is impossible; we cannot get away."

"One moment, General. We are not dependent upon horses nowadays."

"An automobile?"

"Precisely. The two-seated posting-carriage belonging to the Chevalier is stabled not far away, and Stephan can have it here within twenty minutes. It should be good for an average of eighteen or twenty miles an hour. Four hours to Rouen brings us to three o'clock. Half an hour's delay, while the special is making ready, and then two hours and a half into Havre, or say six o'clock. If we can do that we should have a safe margin over the telegraph."

It was decided, and while we were waiting for Stephan's return I improved the opportunity to cut into a joint of meat that stood upon the sideboard. I was surprised that cold lamb could taste so delicious, until I remembered that I had not eaten a morsel since my early breakfast at nine o'clock. Lamb, indeed! Why, it was the courage of a lion that came back to me as I stood and feasted.

The Baron entered the room dressed in a suit of gray tweeds and looking for all the world like some respectable British ironmonger on a holiday. One could almost see the Cook's coupons bulging out his breast pocket. Serenely indifferent and imperturbably good-humored was the Baron, and he even condescended to help himself from my cigar-case. Truly a marvellously amiable man, considering the circumstances.

The automobile was standing in the court-yard, its big parabolic reflector peering into the darkness ahead like the veritable eye of Cyclops. The General intimated to the Baron that he should take his place on the back seat.

"Just one moment, my dear General. I have here a note addressed, as you see, to M. Bert, my confidential agent. As a matter of courtesy, I should like to have it delivered to him by seven o'clock. Of course, you are at liberty to acquaint yourself with the contents of the letter."

The General took the missive and read it through attentively. Then he sealed it up and handed it to Samson, who was to remain in Paris.

"I am happy to oblige you, Baron, and I make you my compliments. You are, indeed, a king among financiers. The letter shall be delivered as you direct."

A curious episode this, but it was none of my business to comment upon it, the General being surely responsible for his own actions. At the word we mounted to our places, and the automobile, with Stephan at the levers, ran smoothly out upon the asphalt. Fifteen minutes later and we had passed the fortifications.

"DO NOT ATTEMPT TO STIR OR OPEN YOUR MOUTH."

The affair has gone through without a hitch, and we are safely on board General Czareska's yacht, the *Sea Fox*, and well out to sea. But there is danger in that black smudge of smoke lying low on the horizon — the torpedo-boat-destroyer *Diane*, one of the fastest steamers in the French navy, is steaming steadily in our wake, and while the *Sea Fox*, with her turbine motors, can spare her a couple of knots in every hour, still there is always the chapter of accidents to be considered.

Undoubtedly the commander of the *Diane* is acting under instructions. We know that Coventry is an intimate friend of the Minister of Marine, and France is always willing to oblige Soulia when no inconvenient publicity is involved. Moreover, we are technically guilty of a grave offence in the abduction of Baron Kerker's person. Even the three-mile limit will not avail us, for the *Sea Fox* has a French registry, and explanations will be in order once we are overhauled. Fortunately the engines are working smoothly, and the *Sea Fox* is an excellent sea-boat.

There is not a star to be seen, and it is beginning to blow hard. The night-glass shows nothing, and it is long past midnight. It looks as though we had escaped; I will go below.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ENEMY'S HAND

THE *Sea Fox*, after a fast run through the big rollers of the Bay of Biscay, is lying off the Spanish coast, not far from Ferrol. The electric launch is hanging at the davits, and the landing will be made shortly before sunset. I have just left the cabin after a long consultation with the General, and this, in a word, is the situation:

General Czareska and the young Prince are to go ashore this evening, and will proceed to join the Aetolian forces, which are now being massed in the vicinity of Kar, the capital. The Soulian forces outnumber the Aetolians actually in arms under General Ghika, but with the Prince raising the standard of revolt in person, there should be large accessions from the country-side; the patriots are only waiting for a leader whom they can trust.

Now the position of Soulia is daily becoming more delicate and embarrassed. Her protectorate over Aetolia is only a nominal one, and it is certain that the powers will not allow her to enter upon a campaign of aggrandizement. She may use her military strength to police King Jehan's capital and to disperse a mob, but she must not attempt to set the political pot a-boiling; the delicately poised balance of the Eastern question must not be disturbed. But for all that the revolution, so-called, has been going on now for two months, and it is desirable to have some kind of a decision. And so the powers have adopted the novel expedient of a time limit.

To-day is July the 1st, and it is tacitly understood that upon the 11th of this same month the Commissioner of the Powers for the Central Balkans will arrive at Kar, and he will be empowered to recognize the *status quo*, and only that. For these ten days Jehan and his Soulian mercenaries will be free to crush us if they can, upon the plea of putting down a revolt against the established order of things, and, conversely, we have the privilege of the same period in which to prove to the powers that the movement is a national uprising against a foreign tyrant.

If Soulia were not financially embarrassed she might easily overwhelm the Aetolian patriots by mere weight of numbers, but it takes money to move men, and ready money, too. Unless Coventry can re-establish immediate communication with Baron Kerker the Soulian treasury must remain empty, for there is no time in which to initiate fresh negotiations. Plainly we must keep the Baron a close prisoner until July the 11th, the end of the period of crisis.

The General has proposed to put me in command of the *Sea Fox*, with Crioche as sailing-master. During these ten days we are to take good care to keep our distance from everything either afloat or ashore. On the 10th of the month I am to run into Ferrol or Lisbon, at my discretion, and at both places telegraphic instructions will be awaiting me. After setting Baron Kerker at liberty and turning over the yacht to Crioche, I will then be expected to join the triumphal procession into Kar or to cover the retreat to England, as the case may be. Anything may happen in these ten days. And Mrs. Verriker and mademoiselle are to remain on the yacht.

It did not take me long to decide. "I will accept the trust, General," I said, when he had finished speaking.

The old man put his hands on my shoulders: "My dear boy," he said, very quietly, and that was all, except for the warm grasp of his hands. There is no need to speak when the word is already understood.

It was growing late, and time for the shore party to be getting away. The Chevalier, or rather the Prince, was on deck, dressed for the journey, and it was the first time that I had seen him since we had been aboard the yacht.

The General, accompanied by mademoiselle, came on deck, and hurried over to where the Prince was standing.

"All is ready, sire," he said, simply, and baring his gray head, he stood waiting the boy's pleasure.

"For the present, General, I have decided to remain aboard the yacht," said the Prince at last.

"But, sire—"

"That is sufficient, General Czareska. I shall wait here on the *Sea Fox* until I have received certain advices. Remember that I am not a child, and, as this is my own affair, I will manage it in my own way."

"My boy! my boy!"

It was the critical moment. The Prince wavered; he looked ashamed of himself, a petulant child, whose rebellion needed but a word to subdue it, once and forever. But it was Mrs. Verriker who spoke.

"It is a difficult business—this king-making," she said, with smooth insolence.

It was skilfully done, that touch upon the jarring chord of vanity and weakness. The irresolute curves about the Prince's mouth straightened obstinately, and the color flashed up to his temples.

"You will receive my orders, General Czareska." He spoke rapidly, and in a high key, and the old man bent his head and listened in silence. "You will report to General Ghika, and proceed to co-operate in the plan of action already communicated to him. You will understand that nothing is left to your discretion—nothing whatever. That is plain, I think, and you have only to do your duty as you find it."

The Prince turned away, glad enough of the pretext afforded by his unmanageable cigarette, and the cockswain of the launch reported that the boat was at the companionway. The General went over the side and stumbled to his place in the stern-sheets. The bowman stood ready to cast off.

"All right below there?"

"One moment."

It was mademoiselle who stood at my elbow, dressed in dark skirt and storm cloak, and attended by her maid with a hand-bag.

"I could not let him go alone," she said, "and now Aetolia, more than ever, demands all that I have to give. Infelix!—but perhaps it is better as it is."

Her hand lay close and warm in mine, and for an instant the beautiful brilliant face seemed almost at my lips. And then with a half-laugh—or was it a half-sob?—she ran quickly down the ladder and took her place by her father.

"Cast off there."

The launch drifted slowly away from the *Sea Fox*, and the water bubbled up under her stern as the screw began to turn. I stood at the taffrail until I could no longer mark the distinction between a white-cap and the flutter of a handkerchief, and then went into the saloon and walked straight up to where

Mrs. Verriker sat placidly reading. She looked up at me, her eyes gleaming with triumphant audacity.

"You are a clever woman, madame. May I inquire when you expect to communicate again with Mr. Coventry?"

"Within a day or so at the furthest," she answered, coolly. "Have you any messages?"

"Only one, and that I expect to deliver in person." I walked over to the large state-room directly in the stern of the yacht, and lately occupied by mademoiselle, and threw open the door. "Now, Mrs. Verriker, if you will be good enough to step this way."

She saw that I was determined, and yielded—a wise woman was madame, and so the more to be feared. I placed the key of the state-room in my pocket and left strict injunctions with André, the cabin steward, to remain on duty in the saloon until relieved, and to hold no communication whatever with the prisoner. If she wanted anything the request must be referred to me in person. Then I hastened on deck, for I was getting anxious about the launch. It was just being hoisted aboard as I came up, and a few minutes later Crioche, the sailing-master, reported that the yacht was ready to get under way.

Dinner was a stupid meal that night, although the Baron ate for two, drank for four, smoked for a dozen, and, indeed, did his best to keep things going. But there was not a word exchanged between the Prince and myself, and he finally retired on the pretence of a headache. The Baron and I lingered over the dessert; really it was impossible to be grumpy in so amiable a presence, and I was astonished at discovering how many interesting possibilities there are in the scientific culture of roses.

Crioche had orders to call me if anything out of the ordinary happened, but there was no necessity for my taking any of the watch duty, and I was glad enough to tumble into my bunk. But not to sleep so easily.

It was plain enough now that Mrs. Verriker had been acting the part of a spy from the very beginning, and her confidential relations with the Czareskas had made her information of the utmost value to the enemy. But her great triumph had been to lead the young Prince into an attitude of open rebellion against the General. How skilfully she had worked upon the boy's vanity and weakness, and how fatal the consequences might prove both to the Prince himself and to those who were risking everything in his behalf!

It was impossible for me to stay in my bunk any longer, and so I dressed and went on deck again. The night was still rainy, and the *Sea Fox* was running at half-speed on a southwest course. My idea was to make a long sweep into the South Atlantic, cruise in those comparatively deserted waters for a week, and then make a quick dash for Lisbon, timing our arrival for the afternoon of July 11.

There was nothing to be seen or heard that could indicate the presence of another vessel in our neighborhood, and as I was dead tired I went into the chart-room and threw myself down upon a lounge. My brain was still hard at work threshing out the old straw, but little by little the puzzle and the trouble of the day slipped away and only Irma Czareska's face remained behind. And, being well content to go on looking at that, I must finally have fallen asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EVIL MEN IN THE PASSION PLAY

BY WILLIAM HENRY FROST

THE chief credit for the present form of the Oberammergau Passion Play is usually given to Father Daisenberger, who was for many years the priest of the parish and the director of the play. The credit is probably well bestowed, but it has always seemed to me that Father Daisenberger was not so much a separate and unique personality as a crystallization, as it were, of the life and character of the whole village. Simplicity, kindliness, sincerity, gentleness, charity—these are qualities which belong to the people of Oberammergau generally, and these, it would appear, must find their expression in the play to which the people devote half their being. It may have needed a man like Daisenberger, with force and executive ability, to give them their clearest shape, and yet the betterment of the play in these directions had begun before his day.

It would be expected that the people of such a community would act the parts of the Christ, Mary, St. John, St. Peter, reverently, and, according to their ability, worthily. But their nature is still more conspicuously shown in their treatment of those persons in the story of the Passion whom the Roman Church and Christians generally have been wont to hold up to execration. The moderation and dignity with which the parts of Judas, Pilate, and Caiaphas are acted is a frequent subject of remark among the more thoughtful spectators at Oberammergau. The play seems to have no entirely bad characters in it. The doers of evil are shown to have reasons for their deeds, and reasons which clearly appear to themselves to be good and sufficient.

Thus the archpersecutor, Caiaphas, becomes the careful, faithful, watchful, vigorous, untiring, uncompromising, unflinching High-Priest of his people. His conscientiousness in the discharge of the duties of his office is inflexible. Jesuitical he is, no doubt, for he is not the kind of man who questions means, when the end seems to him clear and imperative. To his understanding it is clear that one has come among his people to lead them astray, to confuse their minds, and to subvert the religion of their fathers. Of that religion he is the appointed guardian. Its disturber must be destroyed. That determination once fixed within him, nothing can swerve him from its accomplishment. To bribe a disciple who is found to be corruptible, to encourage witnesses who will give the testimony needful for a condemnation, to bandy sophistry with Pilate—these things are of no account to him, except as steps toward the removal of the man whom he regards as a menace to the religion and the law of Moses. He is not necessarily a cruel man, but he will be cruel if it is needful to be so for the end in view.

To the reader of the Oberammergau play this interpretation of the character must be obvious, but it is far more clear to him who sees it acted as Sebastian Lang acted it this summer. Still more was it impressed on those who saw it acted by Johann Lang, the Boroughmaster of the village, in 1890. To what was in the part already he added a most powerful and impressive personality. In him it was inevitable to see the ready, alert, strong, vigilant defender and leader of his people, who would guard them as a lion its young. He whom he believed to be the enemy of the law of Moses must be destroyed. What said the law? That such a one must die. Then die he should. No one could see Johann's Lang's performance of Caiaphas without feeling that he was in the presence of a mighty force and an energetic will, directed by a judgment which might be wrong, but which never doubted its own rightness, and a conscience which would permit no wavering. Herr Lang, after long and severe work in the production and direction of the play of this year, died on June 17. His death was an irreparable loss to the play and to the village.

Such a fair and dignified representation of the character of Caiaphas in this village play is more remarkable than its misrepresentation by those who viewed it with naturally prejudiced eyes. But it is hard to see how the most illiberal and bigoted reader of the gospels could suppose that Pilate was other than a careful governor, with every desire to be just, who yielded unwillingly to an overpowering pressure. Yet, according to Middle Age imagination, the Tiber flooded its banks when Pilate's body was thrown into it, the Rhone did the same, and it finally had to find a poor resting-place in the lake on Mount Pilatus, whence it is dragged by the devil every Good-Friday, to be set upon a throne and to go through the gesture of washing its hands. It is needless to say that Pilate was one of the villains of the mediæval religious plays, and in one of them he is represented as actually heading a conspiracy, in which Caiaphas is also prominent, against Jesus. When the Roman governor and the Jewish High-Priest were agreed on an object, the need of a conspiracy does not quite appear.

At Oberammergau, as a matter of course, no such injustice is done to Pilate's memory. On the contrary, the spectator is positively wearied with the insistence of this play on his unwillingness to condemn Jesus. His only weak point is his obvious desire to escape responsibility. Three times Jesus is brought to his door and the case is argued before him. He disputes with Caiaphas as to its merits; he sends Jesus away to be judged by Herod; he treats the priests with scorn. He demands to hear the voice of the people, instead of the priests' report of it. He suggests the expedient of releasing Jesus, according to the custom of the feast, instead of Barabbas. When all has failed he washes his hands and breaks his truncheon, with an exclamation of disgust at this people which he cannot understand. Even then the play is not done with him. He sends the inscription to be placed on the cross, returns a sharp answer to the request of Caiaphas that it be altered, and contemptuously disregards the wishes of the priests as to the disposition of the body.

But the rehabilitation of Caiaphas and Pilate is a simple matter compared with that of Judas. And yet the spectator who views the Passion Play in anything like a thoughtful mood is likely to come away from it with at least a semblance of respect for Judas such as he never felt before. It is no new theory that Judas has been a much-maligned person. Able arguments have been advanced to show that he was not only not the least faithful, but the most faithful of the twelve. For those who believe in the absolute verbal inspiration of the gospels there can be only one possible view of his character; John says that he was a thief. For those who do not, there is room for discussion.

It is not now the purpose to consider the case for or against him, but only to show briefly how it is treated at Oberammergau. And here, happily, the text and the performance are in full accord in showing him in a surprisingly favorable light. The makers of the play have, according to their custom, adhered closely to the Scripture narrative, but their interpretation is far from presenting the picture of Judas in the unrelieved black wherewith it has been the custom to paint him. It is true that he has this remarkable soliloquy: "Fortunately, I have always been prudent and careful, and now and then have laid aside a little for myself out of the general purse, in case of need." It is scarcely necessary to say that there is no Scriptural justification for this speech, except John's entirely general assertion that he was a thief; and neither John nor any other of the Evangelists tells of his ever having stolen anything. The sentence may have been written as the only means of representing John's statement in the drama. At any rate, it is quite aside from the general drift of the interpretation.

JOHANN ZWINK AS *JUDAS*.

The story of Judas in the Passion Play, of which it forms the most dramatic, and, indeed, almost the only dramatic, incident, is briefly this: He is the bearer of the purse, which is nearly empty. He sees Mary Magdalene anoint the feet of Jesus with a box of precious ointment. He is horrified at the waste, and protests against it. When Jesus talks of leaving the disciples he feels his responsibility as treasurer, and asks that some provision be made for them. His request is ignored. The waste of the ointment weighs upon him, and he is eager for a way to repair his loss. While he is considering whether it will be well for him to withdraw from the Master and seek his own fortune with what he has, the agents of the Sanhedrim come to bribe him to the betrayal. From this moment he is whirled irresistibly on in the course of occurrences. While his purpose is scarcely half formed, he is driven to its execution. He argues with himself that if harm come to the Master (he does not dream that death can come) his own fortune will be made; if the Christ reveal Himself in His glory and overthrow His enemies, it will be he who has brought about this mighty end. He will not betray his Master; all that he is asked to do is to tell where He can be found. This he does. Scarcely has he done it when he hears that the Master is to die. He is filled with horror, consternation, and remorse. He had not thought of this as a possibility. He does not argue with himself or mince words now. It is he—he who is the guilty one—he who has betrayed his Master. Whatever his previous conduct may have been, his repentance is genuine. The dignity of the Sanhedrim is nothing to him. He rushes into the assembly, denounces himself and the priests, and throws down their bribe. His prayers that what he has done may be undone are scoffed at, and he hastens madly away to the forest, and, after an impassioned soliloquy on the goodness of his Master and his own sin, he hangs himself upon a tree.

BURGOMEISTER JOHANN LANG.

Johann Zwink, by far the best actor in the play, presents Judas with wonderful force and vividness. At first he seems earnest and honest in his distress about the ointment and the empty purse. In his talk with the enemies of Jesus he is half-hearted. They make him promise while he is only half resolved, and when he takes their hands, it is with a heavy, listless grasp. But when he knows at last what he has done, his agony of despair is heart-rending. The suffering of the Saviour can be borne, for it leads to peace and glory; the suffering of Judas is more pitiful, for it has no end but misery and death.

I have never talked with the Oberammergau actors about their parts. I have not wished to do so. I have met those who have tried, and they say that they seem to know nothing about the parts or why they play them as they do. I have sometimes suspected that they merely did not care to discuss questions which they might well deem impertinent. I have looked at the play itself and at the acting of it, and I have seen in it a deeper spirit of charity and of Christianity than I have ever found in any other treatment of the gospel story.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

HARPER'S WEEKLY is authorized and requested to correct a despatch which has appeared in some of the newspapers purporting to be a report of certain pleasantries exchanged between Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Bryan at a point in the West where the curves of their activities intersected. It was stated that the two orators shook hands and joked together when they met. The WEEKLY is assured that the statement is absolutely false. The rival speakers neither shook hands nor exchanged a word. They merely touched hats as the trains passed. Colonel Roosevelt, at least, is incapable of jesting, as reported, about matters of grave national moment, to the discussion of which he has for weeks past devoted all his energies. The objection to the statement is that it gives an impression of insincerity which does gross injustice probably to both colonels, but certainly to Colonel Roosevelt.

AS long as the chief end of fiction is to conduct adventurous persons through the hazardous intricacies of courtship into the comparatively still waters of matrimony, the public will be bound to feel a lively interest in the experiences of such of their favorite authors as show a disposition to practise what they describe. Inasmuch as the more important characters in the stories we like best always get married, we are naturally pleased when the writers of the stories do the same. Accordingly we have all read with gratification that Miss Mary Wilkins, to whom we owe so much pleasure, intends, just as soon as she can find the requisite leisure, to be married to Dr. Charles Freeman, of Metuchen, New Jersey. To American readers Miss Wilkins is a very important person. For a good many years they have read with an approval which has been both critical and enthusiastic whatever literature she has chosen to offer them. Her marriage will fetch her away from New England, and though it won't necessarily hinder her from writing New England stories, the stirring environment of New Jersey may in time excite new imaginings in her mind, with results that we shall profit by. Our interest in her welfare and happiness is too obviously sincere to need formal expression.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN of Cornell, who went to the Philippines to help the President determine what ought to be done there, has some pretty hard questions put to him at home. A resolution being introduced the other day at a class-meeting of Cornell Freshmen that women should be excluded from the class organization, the voters, after long haggling, concluded to take counsel with the President about it. Dr. Schurman's reply was full of diplomatic discretion. He reminded the Freshmen that coeducation was the settled policy at Cornell, and that it was a fact that their class had women members whose right to share in the class organization was established by immemorial precedent. He thought that no change should be made without the approval of the women concerned, so he recommended that the men and women vote separately on the question, and that the change should not be made unless a majority of the women voters favored it. He pointed out, however, that of all the objects which the class organizations existed to further—athletics, banquets, balls, and such matters—the only one in which women always participated with the men was class-day, but they often held the deciding vote in matters with which they were not really concerned. That, he seemed to think, was a hardship, and he recommended deliberations and conferences for its removal.

Dr. Schurman didn't cross the Pacific for nothing. The probability is that the consent of the governed will be obtained at Cornell before there is any serious restriction of the suffrage.

THE young women students of Chicago University who have protested against the language used in the history classes by Professor Oliver J. Thatcher seem to have done a useful service to the cause of education in Chicago. The wonder is that it needed to be performed. They think the professor uses too much slang in his lectures, and as an example of his methods of expressing himself they quote him as saying of an English king, who was killed while hunting: "Somewhat of a knight had a scrap with his attendant, got a drop on the king, and put him out of the ring." Then when the son sat on the paternal throne he "had no kick coming," for he had "a mortgage" on the coffers of the realm and "the bulge on" all comers. So those kings did "any old thing" they pleased. Professor Thatcher's defence, as the newspapers give it, is: "I have a class of ninety-two Freshmen. I couldn't get up and teach them dead history in Addisonian English. They'd all go to sleep. I use live talk, and I find slang very expressive. I am not the only professor here who uses it. Slang, if not vulgar, is usually the clearest and most concise way of expressing one's self."

It is vastly more important that the students of a university should speak good English than that they should know the biographies of the Norman kings. Professor Thatcher may know something about English history, but it seems evident that in his case the general work of education has not been successfully carried out. There is no single thing that marks an educated man more than his command and use of words. Slang is not to be condemned altogether. Some excellent words start their careers as slang and win promotion into good use. Some excellent speakers occasionally use slang, but they do it with discrimination and as the result of deliberate preference, and not for lack of better words. But, commonly speaking, users of slang are under-languaged, and don't know words enough, or cannot command readily enough the words they do know, to express themselves with grace and vigor. The slang habit is a lazy habit. That is another objection to it. Slang for many persons represents the point of least resistance. A command of good language is only acquired by hearing good language used and by taking pains to use it. Without question it is the business of an American educator, whatever branch of learning he teaches, to express himself in sound English, and not in any such jargon as is imputed to this professor in Chicago. Moreover, the professor is wrong in supposing that slang is usually the clearest and most concise way of expressing one's self. On the contrary, it is usually the laziest and most vague way. It is some trouble to learn to express one's self clearly and concisely, and the chief end of slang is to avoid taking pains.

GRADUATES of Princeton University are to have a direct voice hereafter in electing five members of the board of trustees. So President Patton announced on October 20, which was commemoration day at Princeton, being the one hundred and fifty-fourth anniversary of the founding of the college. Bishop Satterlee made a commemoration address, in which he said that our work as a nation in the world was cut out for us, and that we would have to do it whether we were ready or not. Princeton agreed, and cheered the Bishop, and then the President and trustees made Secretary Hay an LL.D. Even at this time, with the stock-market active and election imminent, there will not be much dispute that Dr. Hay's academic honors have been well and fully earned. He made a short and graceful speech of thanks, in which, somehow, he omitted to point out how well his new gown matched his historic breeches.

AN English judge has decided that, when a political campaign is in progress, to call a fellow-citizen a traitor is a privilege that the law will not meddle with. English law permits an injunction to restrain any person from making a "false statement of fact in relation to the personal character or conduct of a Parliamentary candidate for the purpose of affecting his candidacy." Mr. Ellis, late M.P. from Nottinghamshire, asked for an injunction to restrain his opponents from using a poster in which sundry gentlemen of his way of thinking were described in large letters as "Radical Traitors." But the judge said No, on the ground chiefly that the words "Radical traitors" did not constitute a statement of fact, but merely an expression of opinion.

IF it is true, as Lieutenant Hobson intimated the other day in a speech at Selma, Alabama, that the recent illness of Admiral Sampson is due to his sense of his countrymen's neglect, it is a very sad fact, and all the more so because there is so faint a prospect of putting him in any better case. What the Administration could do for him in the way of commendation has been done. What the navy could do has been done. What Congress wouldn't do can't be done until Congress does it, and when that will be no reputable forecaster would venture to predict. It would seem to the casual observer more reasonable that Admiral Sampson's spirits should be low because he is out of health than that he should be out of health because he has been neglected. His professional brethren rate him as first among living men of their calling. It has been impossible to secure for him all the official recognition to which his services were entitled. That is vastly to be regretted, but it seems as if the *mens sibi conscia recti*, and the sympathy of almost all of his fellows who are competent to judge, ought to afford him a sufficient support for every disappointment.

REGRET is felt in this country because Lord Durham, a sporting nobleman of England, has expressed dissatisfaction with American jockeys. They ride a great deal nowadays in English races, but they don't ride to suit Lord Durham, and the fact that they win a good deal more than their fair proportion of races doesn't make him feel any better. He thinks that they are lowering the tone of the British turf, and declares that if something is not done about it the great British industry of horse-racing is likely to suffer.

Horse-racing in England is a good deal more of an institution than it is in this country, and has taken a much stronger hold on the national life. No horse-race in this country has ever begun to be observed with anything like the solemnity that Derby Day excites in England. The Prince of Wales races horses. The late Chief Justice of England was devoted to the turf. English premiers have often been owners of racing stables, and racing is a familiar amusement of the great English lords. Of course, therefore, it is important that the tone of the British turf should be exalted and its manners exemplary, and if the American jockeys are not what they should be they must be replaced by persons of a loftier moral sense and a more refined disposition.

The trouble seems to be that our racing-men have merely hired jockeys who could ride. We must do better. If we could send bishops over to ride in the British races, that would be ideal, but our bishops who are active in their calling can't be spared, and our bishops emeritus are venerable men whom nobody would bet on. Moreover, nearly all our bishops are hopelessly overweight. So with our bankers and eminent business men. As a rule they eat too freely, and most of them set a preposterous value on their necks. Moreover, they are busy, and if election goes right, will doubtless continue to be fully employed. If election doesn't go right something may be done to relieve Lord Durham's mind, for there may be a good many superior and conscientious Americans out of a job. But so far as appears the prospect of getting any Americans except professional jockeys to ride in English races is not very good. We must hope that Lord Durham will be able to have a better opinion of those now employed, or that, if their riding is not what it ought to be, they may all be unhorsed.

THE coming election in Newfoundland on November 8 is of great importance to the island in that it concerns the degree in which R. G. Reid shall be allowed to control its destinies. Mr. Reid, as has been told before in the WEEKLY, is a Scotchman who began life poor, made some money in Australia, and a great deal more as contractor in building the Canadian Pacific, and in 1893 undertook to build a railroad six hundred miles long across Newfoundland. Of late years the fiscal affairs of the island have been at a very low ebb. The government couldn't pay Mr. Reid what it owed him for his railroad, and as a result of a succession of compromises Mr. Reid now owns the railroad, fully half the land of the island, the telegraph system, a line of steamers, the street-car system of St. John's, and most of the other available business properties on the island. He is disposed to develop his holdings as effectively as possible, and has had men building pulp-mills, opening mines, and exciting the hum of industry in all directions. But for the moment he has stopped, because he wants to transfer all his interests to a joint-stock company with a capital of $25,000,000, and the present government objects. The present government is Liberal, and its candidate for premier is Mr. Bond. Mr. Reid's Conservative candidate is Mr. Morine. Mr. Bond's platform is curtailment of the Reid privileges, and a reciprocity treaty with the United States. Such a treaty was negotiated in 1890 by Mr. Bond dealing with Secretary Blaine, but the Conservative government of Canada opposed it and induced the British government to refuse to ratify it. Since then Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, as British Secretary of State for the Colonies, has been able at times to be of assistance to Mr. Reid. If Mr. Bond should win, and the Reid sway should be checked, prosperity in Newfoundland would doubtless languish for a time, and the voters might have to fall back on codfish for their dinner-pails. But the expectation seems to be that Mr. Bond won't win, and that things will go Mr. Reid's way. To the superficial observer it seems that it will be better for Newfoundland to have things go Mr. Reid's way.

ONE day last month Mark Twain got home from Europe. He said that he had been gone nine years, which seems improbable, but he accounted for all the intervening time, admitting that he passed through this country in 1895 on his way to Australia, and lectured every night from New York to San Francisco. Half of 1891 he spent in France and Germany, 1892 in Florence, '93 and '94 in France, '95 and '96 on his travels, '97, '98, and '99 in London and Vienna and Sweden, and now he comes from England. It was in 1895 that he formally began the labor of paying $80,000 of the debts of Charles L. Webster & Co. He accomplished it in a little more than two years. He may be a rich man again by this time. He admitted that he was rich enough to decline an offer of $50,000 for a hundred lectures.

Rich or poor, Mr. Clemens is a very much respected man, and is mightily welcome home. He means to spend the winter in New York, and to go to Hartford when he gets ready in the spring, and to work at his trade as the spirit moves him. He is a man of sentiment, and a remarkably durable, sturdy, and well-disciplined sentiment it is. Having assisted General Grant to demonstrate how deep a financial pit an honorable and able man may work out of, he has given the world a remarkable supplementary illustration of the same thing on his own account. The only sad thing about him is that he has become almost too exalted and exemplary a person to joke about. But he can joke about himself still, and that's a comfort.

GEORGE K. FORTESCUE AS *YEN-HOW* AND HIS SIX LITTLE WIVES IN "SAN TOY."

THE DRAMA

THE secret of success in British musical farce is not always easy to understand. It looked as if there would be no more opportunity to ponder over the question, when "The Greek Slave," "In Town," and several works of this same class were seen to be so much inferior to their predecessors here that success for them was out of the question. The prophecy that comic opera would once more regain the favor which has lately gone to these typically English performances had already been heard, and comic opera in the form of "The Rose of Persia"—and that was the best form possible in English—had been tried, when "San Toy," latest of the musical farces, was heard in New York. This has so far been more prosperous than any work of its kind since "A Gaiety Girl" made it evident that a variant of operettas had come into existence. Even "The Geisha," prototype and inspiration of "San Toy" never met with an equal degree of popular success. So the question of their merits becomes once more interesting. This latest work had the usual number of creators. Its authors were three in number, and by name Edward Morton, Henry Greenbank, and Adrian Rose, while the music comes from Sidney Jones and one or two unidentified assistants. This collaboration resulted in no originality in the general scheme of the work. A group of English men and women were once more seen in a foreign country—which is China this time and not Japan, to make the resemblance to "The Geisha" a little less striking. Nor was there any more wit from this combination than usual, and the same long-drawn-out stretches of pointless talk are to be met with. There is excuse in this invariable feature of a London musical farce at home because the pit likes long entertainments. It may have other qualities, but it must be long. So these scenes that cause so much surprise here serve a useful purpose there. "San Toy" has its supply of really dull moments, and its best wit is quite as mild and innocuous as that of its predecessors. But it is the best liked of all of them, and its charm is undeniable. It is worth while to find out the secret of so much success when there are features opposed to it. Probably it lies as much in the manner of performance as in any other quality. Something more refined than the customary methods of acting comic opera was made known first here by these English companies, and when native performers took up the same work they met with favor just in the degree they were able to reproduce the style of their predecessors. The lyrics of nearly all these works have possessed oddities of versification or ideas that made them more interesting than the older-fashioned verse of the comic-opera librettos. One good example of this is the song dealing with the rise of *Rhoda* from her pagoda to the nobility, sung by Minnie Ashley, at Daly's now. It contains no particular wit, but its versification is neat and pat, and to the accompaniment of rhythmical if not very melodious phrases, and executed daintily, as it is in this case, the charm of it can be understood. So can the graceful evolutions of Miss Ashley and Mr. Powers behind the Chinese umbrella, and the whimsicality of their manœuvres disguised as the mandarins. Both of these dances are very naïve and ingenuous in plan, but they are undeniably delightful in their daintiness and grace. Sidney Jones's music has less melody than any he has ever written. It is not even a faint echo of the numbers that won such popularity in "The Geisha." But it provides an agreeable accompaniment to the well-arranged evolutions and dances of the principals and chorus, and they seem one of the greatest factors in the prosperity of "San Toy." The polite manner of its performance, the lavish costuming, and the comedy of Mr. Powers must be the other potent causes of "San Toy's" success. The umbrella dance, the *Rhoda* song, and Mr. Powers leading his army of Chinese women are possibly the most agreeable single incidents.

GRACE GEORGE is the latest of the young actresses to come forward as a star, and this advance, if it can be called such, was the result of domestic circumstances rather than of any demand from the public to see her as the leading figure in a play. The actress who now takes her place in the profession as a star need not be entitled to that distinction by reason of her past achievements, superior talents, or experience. She may be put forward in this conspicuous way merely because she is youthful, attractive, and the most popular among the young women on the stage at a given time. The managers have learned that a good play given by capable actors makes a stronger appeal to the favor of the public when a young actress, who meets certain requirements, is put forward as its leading figure. The promising young actress of the day becomes a star therefore because commercial experience has shown the value of such a course. It has high artistic value as well. As a result of this system there is a more general distribution of efficiency than any that ever prevailed in the past. Some of the great commanding figures of the drama may be missed, and this is, indeed, not a time of striking genius in the theatre; but the standard of general excellence is higher than it ever was before. These young women, who are just now described as stars in the newer significance of the professional term, may sometimes lack the abilities that entitle an actress to demand most of the attention of her audiences. But she does not in reality receive anything like the preponderating interest that is traditionally supposed to be her due. If she is not always a genius, she is at least capable of doing well whatever her task may be. Her associates, not in the old-fashioned way subordinated by her importance into incompetency or mediocrity, bear their share in the performance so as to make its general plane much higher than it ever was when a star was supposed to be a genius great enough to compensate for any defects in his or her associations.

MISS GEORGE has the advantage of capable assistants in her attempt, and "Her Majesty," made by J. I. C. Clarke from a novel by E. K. Tompkins, was not intended wholly as a means of exploiting her talents. It gives opportunities to other actors, and makes allowance for the valuable assistance of the scene-painter and the stage-manager. This latest specimen of stage royalty is a youthful queen independent enough to refuse every one of the suitors whom political reasons would suggest as her possible husband, to go among her own people, after the fashion of Haroun-al-Rashid, learning their opinion of her government and her, and to fall in love with the leader of a revolutionary movement against her throne. He proves to be an aristocrat who only adopted the disguise of a plotter, and is therefore possible as her husband when his revolutionary plans have been put aside. The dramatist selected his material from the book with good judgment, and its arrangement has resulted in an interesting and effective play. Some of its scenes are too heavily tinged with melodrama to seem appropriate when contrasted with the pretty sentiment and humor that parts of the play contain. It is not to be taken very seriously as a dramatic work, but it accomplishes its evident purpose in providing an agreeable entertainment. Miss George, as the heroine, is comely, intelligent, and possesses a considerable degree of personal charm. She is particularly successful in suggesting the youthful innocence of the girl sovereign, and her assumption of dignity is not without some real distinction. She proved herself quite equal to the task of maintaining the principal interest in a performance which evidently aimed in every detail at lightening her burden by making her associates capable. The representation is rather above the average, and adds its share to the success of the experiment. So long as Miss George appears under such acceptable circumstances, she is likely to find no difficulty in taking a place among the popular young stars of the day. Her inexperience and lack of elocutionary ability are the greatest defects of her acting to-day, and both of them may easily be overcome. Contrasted favorably with these are her intelligence, personal attractiveness, refinement, and a certain degree of dramatic strength, which shows itself crudely but surely in some scenes of "Her Majesty."

LAWRENCE REAMER.

An Ideal. By Ernest Neal Lyon

O'ER Duty's drear Sahara sands we fare,
And weak and faltering very often feel;
Miragelike glows a radiant vision rare,
The beckoning image of a high Ideal.

*Mr. Dooley: On Fame**

"'TIS a gr-reat rayciption they do be givin' Bryan down in New York State," said Mr. Hennessy.

"A fine rayciption f'r a dimmycrat in New York State," said Mr. Dooley, "is that he's not dangerously wounded. Annything short iv death is regarded as a frindly an' inthrested rayciption, an' a mild kind iv death, like suffycation be chloroform, wud be considhered a rayspictful hearin'. All ye can say about Willum Jennings Bryan's rayciption is that he got by Wall Sthreet without bein' stoned to death with nuggets fr'm th' goold resarve. Annyhow, what ar-re ye dhraggin' pollytics into this peaceful abode f'r, Hinnissy? Isn't it bad enough f'r me to have to stand here all day long listenin' to sthrangers rayjoocin' th' constitootynal questions now befure th' people to personal insult, without havin' me frinds makin' me nights mis'rable with chatther about th' fleetin' problems iv th' hour? Th' votes is as good as cast an' counted. Ayether th' counthry is rooned or it's rooned. An' it ain't, annyhow. Ayether we ar-re delivered over hand an' foot to th' widdies an' orphans that 've had thrust stocks sawed off on thim be th' exicutors, or th' gover'mint abandons a policy iv brutal, crool, murdhrous conquist iv th' cow'rdly assassins iv th' land iv etarnal sunshine an' shadow. Two weeks fr'm to-day we'll be ayether neglectin' to pay our debts in th' standard money iv th' nations iv th' earth or in a debased an' wretched cienage that no wan has iver got enough iv. An' what th' divil diff'rence does it make, me boy? Th' mornin' afther iliction, 'tis Hinnissy to th' slag pile an' Dooley to th' beer pump an' Jawn D. Rockefellar to th' ilecan, an' th' ol' flag floatin' over all iv us if th' wind is good an' th' man in charge has got up in time to hist it. Foolish man, th' fun'rals don't stop f'r ilictions, or th' christenin's or th' weddin's. Be hivins, I think th' likes iv ye imagines this counthry is something besides a hunk iv land occypied be human bein's. Ye think it a sort iv an autymobill that 'll run down onless ye charge it with ye'er partic'lar kind iv gas. Don't ye expict, Hinnissy, that anny throop iv angels will dhrop fr'm hiven to chop ye'er wood on th' mornin' iv th' siventh iv Novimber if Bryan is ilicted, an' don't ye lave Jawnny McKenna think that if Mack gets in he'll have to put a sthrip iv oil-cloth on th' dure sill to keep pluthycrats fr'm shovin' threasury notes undher th' dure. No, sir; I used to think that was so—wanst, in th' days whin I pathronized a lothry. Now I know diff'rent.

"Where'll they be a hundhred years fr'm now? McKinley an' Bryan, Debs an' Mark Hanna, an' Web Davis, an' Croker an' Bill Lorimer—where'll they be? I was r-readin' th' other day about a vote cast be a lot iv distinguished gazabs through th' counthry f'r th' occypants iv a hall iv fame. A Hall iv Fame's th' place where th' names iv th' most famous men is painted, like th' side iv a bar-rn where a little boy writes th' name iv th' little girl he loves. In a week or two he goes back an' rubs it out. But in this matther 'twas determined to lave out th' question to a lot iv sthrong la-ads an' have thim vote on it, an' on'y th' dead wans iligeable. I r-read th' list to-day, Hinnissy, an' will ye believe me or will ye not? Much as I know, I cudden't recall more thin half th' names. George Wash'nton was ilicted, of coorse, unanimously, an' without a contistin' dillygation, an' proud he'll be to larn iv it. Thin there was Ulyss S. Grant an' Thomas Jefferson an' Robert E. Lee. I knew all iv thim as though we'd been raised in th' same lot. But near all th' others got by me. Wan man was famous because he made a cotton gin, though th' author iv more common dhrinks was cut off. Another man got by th' flag on th' ground that he manyfacthured a clock. A third passed th' stand because he made a ditchnary, which is a book that tells ye how manny diff'rent things th' same wurrud means. They was potes I niver r-read an' statesmen I niver heerd iv, an' gin'rals I niver knew fought, an' invintors iv bluein', an' discov'rers iv things that had been discovered befure an' things that had to be undiscovered later. An' th' list was as onfamilyar to me as th' battin' ordher iv th' Worcester ball team iv eighteen hundhred an' siventy-six. 'Bedad,' says I, 'if this is fame, I'll dhraw cards mesilf. Some day whin th' owner iv a new Hall iv Fame tells th' janitor to climb up an' whitewash over th' names on th' wall an' make out a new list, some wan may vote f'r th' gr-reat soul that discovered how to make both ends meet in th' year nineteen hundhred.' That's a gr-reat invintion, Hinnissy. Thank th' Lord th' Standard Ile Comp'ny hasn't got a patent on it.

"What's fame, afther all, me la-ad? 'Tis as apt to be what somewan writes on ye'er tombstone as annything ye did f'r ye'ersilf. It takes two to make it, but on'y wan has much iv a hand. 'Tis not a man's life in wan volume be himsilf, but his 'Life' in three volumes be wan iv his frinds. An' be th' way th' jury voted f'r th' lodgers in this tinimint house iv fame, manny that cud pay their scoor at th' desk is left on th' dure sthep because th' bunks is filled with th' frinds iv th' managers. I think I'LL hire a large buildin' f'r th' rayjicted. I wudden't be surprised if manny iv th' star boardhers come out iv th' other Hall iv Fame f'r th' conjanial comp'ny in mine.

"Whin ye think iv it, whin ye considher how manny men have done things or thried to do thim f'r wan hundhred years in this counthry, an' now whin it comes to pick th' winners about half th' list is on'y famous to th' men that voted f'r thim, how ar-re ye goin' to figure that anny iv th' la-ads that ye're wastin' ye'er lungs f'r will bring up r-right? A hundhred years fr'm now Aggynaldoo may be as famous as Mack, an' annyhow they'll both be dead, an' that's th' principal ingreejent iv fame. Go home an' think that over."

"I'm not goin' home," said Mr. Hennessy. "I'm goin' to march with th' Unsound Money an' Sound Morals Club tonight."

"Ye'll be famous," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'll be wan iv th' first they'll admit to th' Hall iv Fame whin they open th' dures to th' Wurruld's Famous Loonytics."

F. P. DUNNE.

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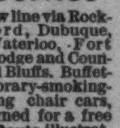
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THE PROGRESS of the CAMPAIGN

THE campaign has now reached its highest point of interest. The contrast between the apathy and indifference of the months which immediately followed the Republican convention at Philadelphia and the Democratic convention at Kansas City, and the absorbing interest displayed throughout the land in October, is strong enough to warrant the assertion that, no matter who are nominated for President of the United States by the two great parties, no matter how commonplace their personality, or how vapid the platforms on which they stand, the American people are bound to wake up in the end and make the election a matter of first importance. The prophets and bettors still hold the centre of the stage. Their predictions and offers to wager are matters of much keener interest now than the wisest words ever uttered by a statesman. As for the prophets, the desire for notoriety has made them mad. Predictions on both sides are of the wildest kind, and just what is supposed to be accomplished by them is not very clear. Willis J. Abbott, manager of the Democratic National Campaign Bureau, predicted on October 20 that Bryan would have at least 272 electoral votes, or 48 more than are necessary for choice, while McKinley, poor man, could not be sure of more than 116. All the other electoral votes, Mr. Abbott said, were in doubt. Mr. Abbott viewed the situation from a lofty eminence in the city of Chicago. The Republican campaign managers, who viewed the situation from an equally high eminence in New York, gave out a table which showed that Mr. McKinley was sure of 284 votes in the electoral college. In the "sure" Republican States they included California, Delaware, Indiana, Maryland, and West Virginia. They admitted that the Democrats would have 112 electoral votes, and that, in addition, they might carry Colorado, Nevada, and Missouri, with a total of 24. To them it seemed that the only "doubtful" States were Idaho, Montana, Kentucky, and Nebraska, the home of William Jennings Bryan. The total vote cast by these doubtful States in the electoral college is only 27. One of the big life-insurance companies of New York undertook the task of finding out in advance just what the result of the election would be. They sent out circulars broadcast, and offered a present to each person who would send in his estimate of what the results would be, particularly in his own neighborhood. They received nearly fifty thousand answers, from which they computed that McKinley would surely have 260 electoral votes and Bryan 147. Their estimate of the electoral votes of the doubtful States with a Bryan leaning was 27, and of the doubtful States with a McKinley leaning, 13.

NOTHING in all the campaign has given the Republican leaders so much confidence as the enormous registration in New York city and New York State. The completed figures in the Greater New York show a total registration of nearly 640,000. The increase in Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn, over 1896, was about 60,000. So eager were the citizens to get their names on the rolls that in quite a large number of election districts in New York and Kings counties the registration was so large as to make it absolutely impossible for all to cast their votes, with the present facilities, on election day. The utmost number that can be taken care of in any single election district is 600. This number was exceeded in district after district, and the Police Department, which has charge of the election machinery, is greatly puzzled as to how the difficulty can be overcome. They could easily divide the election districts, but the law does not allow them to appoint the additional poll clerks and inspectors necessary for a proper casting of the ballots. It was estimated that 30,000 voters might be disfranchised through this unlooked-for circumstance. But with the usual American optimism the members of the Police Board declared that a way would be found out of the difficulty, and that not a single citizen will lose his vote by reason of congestion in the election districts. The same eagerness to vote which characterized the citizens of the Greater New York displayed itself in all the other cities of the State. Everywhere there was a large increase in the registration, and in not a few places the percentage of gain was without precedent.

IT is mainly upon the registration figures that the bettors in New York city—those men who wager, or are willing to wager, enormous sums upon the result of the election—base their calculations. On October 24 the genuine odds were still 4 to 1 on McKinley, and there were vast sums of money at hand for wager at that figure. The only thing that interfered with the progress of the betting was the scarcity of Bryan money. All Wall Street wanted to bet on McKinley, and when they could not get their money "down" they went about saying that the Bryan campaign had collapsed, that there was nothing left of it except an evil memory. Warm supporters of the Nebraskan, however, sneered at the assertions of the betting-ring, and said that the odds offered were not a fair indication of the trend of the sentiment throughout the country. They admitted they had no money to bet, but said they had votes to cast, which were much more telling in respect to the result than all the spurious forecasts and artificial odds ever manufactured by the supporters of Mr. McKinley.

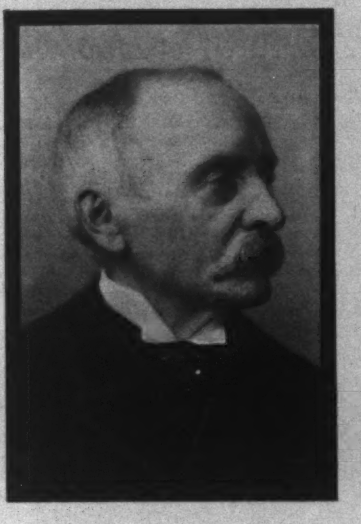
MR. BRYAN continued to scatter his speeches throughout the land. After the great demonstration in his honor by Tammany Hall, he immediately started for a tour of New York State. He journeyed from New York to Buffalo, and made many excursions to cities and towns off the main line of travel. He spoke sixty-seven times in twenty-five counties, and great crowds greeted him everywhere. Probably 150,000 persons heard him on that tour, and he was treated with respect at almost every stop. His speeches continued to be on the very low level which he adopted a short time after his speech at Indianapolis. Never once did he cease in his efforts to arouse class hatred, to set the poor against the rich. He avoided the money question consistently until he reached Ithaca, where a great crowd of Cornell students gathered to hear him, and forced him finally to state his position on that issue. He did not come out squarely for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1, but he did say, "I stand where McKinley stood before he bowed to the dictation of Wall Street," thus getting in a dig at the Republican candidate's advocacy of the white metal before he was nominated for President four years ago.

After leaving New York State Mr. Bryan went into West Virginia, where still more enormous crowds greeted him. At Charleston, on October 22, Mr. Bryan restated his remedy for trusts, including the putting of all trust-made articles on the free list, and the licensing by the government of all corporations which transact business outside of the States in which they are incorporated. Mr. Bryan's almost unbroken silence on the money issue inspired the hope in many of his followers in New York State, where free silver is not popular, that he had dropped the question. James K. McGuire, chairman of the New York State Democratic Executive Committee, issued a statement, saying that Mr. Bryan realized that 16 to 1 was not an issue of the campaign, and that if he were elected and a Democratic House chosen, no effort would be made to establish a 16-to-1 ratio. But Mr. McGuire's hopes were dashed to the ground when Richard Croker saw the statement. Mr. Croker said emphatically that 16 to 1 had not been eliminated from the campaign, and that Mr. Bryan had not dropped it. That settled it. No higher authority for what might be considered a vital or semi-vital issue, as far as New York State is concerned, could be had than Mr. Croker. While in Rochester, on October 19, Mr. Bryan made public his letter of acceptance of the nomination for President by the Silver Republican party. There was nothing of striking importance in the letter, and Mr. Bryan did not use even so opportune an occasion as that to restate definitely his position on the money question. He said that the Republican party, by its disregard of the principles of the republic, and by its advocacy of policies repugnant to the doctrine of self-government, had left no choice but to summon all lovers of the Declaration of Independence to its defence and the Constitution framed in accordance with it. This was a diplomatic way he had of informing the Silver Republicans that Imperialism, not 16 to 1, was the paramount issue.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT finished his Western and Southern tour on October 20, and on the following day he arrived in New York. But his rest from the arduous labor of campaigning was extremely brief. On Monday, October 22, he started over practically the same route in New York State which Mr. Bryan had traversed the week before. The alliance between Mr. Croker and Mr. Bryan furnished a fruitful text for the Governor's speeches. It seemed to be even more effective than the Ice Trust. Mr. Roosevelt spoke in Charleston, West Virginia, on October 19. There he said: "Mr. Bryan is making every effort to carry New York, and he knows his sole chance lies in the Crokerized Democracy of that State. When Mr. Bryan allies himself to Mr. Croker, and is the beneficiary of all for which Mr. Croker stands, he forfeits the right to be treated as sincere in his opposition to Trusts, as sincere in his denunciation of any wrong. We have often been told that Mr. Bryan has good intentions, and that he is sincere in his denunciation of any wrong. I do not see how such a claim can be urged for the guest of the Tammany Democracy, one of the foundations of which is blackmailing the protected vice and infamy that in New York city flourishes with hideous rankness under Tammany's control. Mr. Croker is trying to help Mr. Bryan to a national success, which would mean the deepest stain upon our financial honor at home, the deepest stain on the honor of our flag abroad. In return, Mr. Bryan is trying to help Mr. Croker to bring down the State of New York to the level of the deepest evil to which New York city has already been reduced." Governor Roosevelt's trip through New York State was undertaken, without question, to counteract the influence of Mr. Bryan's tour over the same ground.

SENATOR HANNA and Senator Frye concluded their campaign in the Northwest at Omaha on October 20. They travelled two thousand miles, stopped at seventy-three towns, and made eighty-three speeches. The ground which they covered included Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, and Nebraska. At Lincoln, the home town of Mr. Bryan, Mr. Hanna made a fierce attack upon the Democratic candidate for President before a great crowd. He said, in his usual blunt manner, that Mr. Bryan was a slanderer and a liar, a man totally unfit to aspire to the high office of President. Mr. Hanna took this method of paying off a personal grudge to Mr. Bryan which he had treasured up for three years. In 1897, when Mr. Hanna was Republican candidate for Senator in Ohio, Mr. Bryan travelled all over that State, denouncing Mr. Hanna as a crusher of labor. The Ohio Senator did not carry out his plan of making a fight against Senator Pettigrew in South Dakota. The news of his intention to campaign against Mr. Pettigrew preceded him into the State. His train was followed everywhere by another train containing Mr. Pettigrew and some of his friends, and they tried every method known in political warfare to provoke Mr. Hanna into saying something of a personal nature about Mr. Pettigrew. That Mr. Hanna was wise enough to recognize that discretion during a political campaign in South Dakota is much safer than valor accounts for the fact that the law wasn't broken on either side during his tour of that State.

THE gubernatorial campaign in New York State is next to lifeless. Mr. Stanchfield and Mr. Mackey, the Democratic candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, respectively, are making a feeble effort to keep themselves before the people. Mr. Odell, the Republican candidate for Governor, apparently is making no effort at all, as far as his personal campaign is concerned. He still sticks to the State headquarters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and the Democratic newspapers have all but given up their efforts to badger him into taking the stump. It is apparent to all students of the campaign that Mr. Odell's forte is not speech-making. In the few brief speeches he has made, no traces were discernible of the polished orator or even of the clever campaign speaker. On the other hand, Mr. Stanchfield is an orator of no small distinction, but unfortunately the subjects to which he addresses himself, in the light of his standing as a man of conservatism and means, are not of a character to interest his audience. The Democratic managers made one attempt to stir up interest in the campaign, but it was a failure. Chairman McGuire sought to brand Mr. Odell as a corruptionist. He gave to the press what purported to be a letter written by Mr. Odell to Republicans, offering a pecuniary inducement for influencing independent Democratic voters. Mr. Odell said the letter was a forgery, and from all the evidence to be had in the matter, it appears that he was not entirely wrong. Comptroller Bird S. Coler still continues to be a factor in the campaign in spite of all the efforts of his enemies, including Tammany Hall and the Willoughby Street machine of Brooklyn, to crush him. The latest efforts of his enemies to humiliate him took the form of refusing to invite him either as a speaker or as a guest to the Democratic mass-meetings in Brooklyn, which is his home borough. The futility of their plans was shown in a rather striking manner at a mass-meeting recently in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. Although Mr. Coler had gone through the State making speeches from the same platform as Mr. Stanchfield and Mr. Mackey, he was not invited to be present at this meeting at which the Democratic candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor were the chief attractions. This fact, which had become known through its publication in the newspapers, may have been responsible for the smallness of the audience and the lack of enthusiasm. The meeting was what is commonly known among the practical politicians as a "frost," until Mr. Mackey blunderingly mentioned the Comptroller's name. Instantly there was a tumult of applause and cheers, and the only genuine enthusiasm of the evening was displayed. Following closely upon this demonstration, the Democratic County Committee of Kings, which is under the control of the Willoughby Street machine, met to reinstate, by order of the Court of Appeals, Senator Michael J. Coffey, who had been deposed from membership on charges of treason to the Democratic County ticket in 1899. Mr. Coffey resigned immediately after reinstatement, and took occasion to express his opinion of the so-called Democratic leaders in Brooklyn. He said they were traitors to Democracy and traitors to the cause of Mr. Bryan, and added: "I believe I can best aid the candidacy of Colonel Bryan by cutting loose from his enemies, masquerading in the livery of his cause, and by associating with his true friends and joining my feeble energies with theirs. I feel that I can best discharge my duty as a citizen of Greater New York by setting myself free to engage in a movement which, under the flag of municipal political independence, must, from the 7th of November next for a year, be entirely waved to drive from power the corrupt, unrepresentative, and insincere machines which have made our fair city the ridicule and amazement of the age." Senator Coffey is one of the oldest and ablest political campaigners in all of Kings County, and for years he has been the most influential politician in South Brooklyn. His words concerning the battle which is to be waged for municipal political independence from November 7 on, are the most significant uttered by any politician since the beginning of the present campaign. There have been vague rumors of the formation of a vast anti-Tammany organization for the purpose of overthrowing Croker and his allies at the mayoralty election in 1901, but Senator Coffey was the first politician of any importance to make a definite declaration on the subject. His words lend strength to the stories that have been flying about.



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Late Chancellor of the German Empire.

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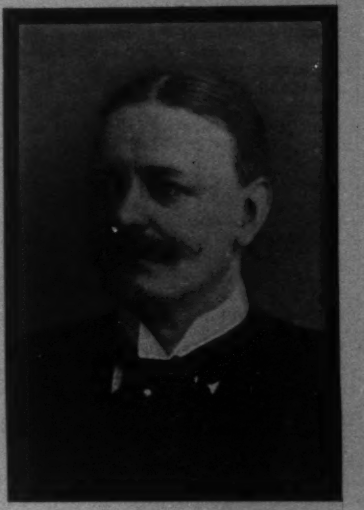

COUNT VON BÜLOW,
Newly Appointed Chancellor of the German Empire.

China and her Monroe Doctrine

So much has lately been written about the "Boxers" that candor compels us to submit their side of the question. It is evident that the government of China — or rather its administration, since that term expresses more forcibly the exact relation between its people and their authorities — encouraged and probably abetted the movement, until it grew beyond control. It may be also admitted that, without a distinct promise of immunity and support, and from a party or parties competent to make such promise good, the Boxers would have continued in the "innocuous desuetude" which has characterized the existence of that society for a century or more.

It is really no wonder that the old Empress Dowager determined to try if the Chinese were willing to see their country partitioned among aliens with the fatalist's *Kismet!* or if they could be roused to a sense of the national danger. What newspaper reader does not remember how, about the time when Li Hung-Chang was "promoted" to the Viceroyalty of Kwang-tung (Canton), she issued orders to all his colleagues to arm the people and to employ force in resisting further encroachments? Let justice be meted out to the old lady: her life has not been a happy one! While Russia's minister at Peking, Mr. de Giers, was constantly pleading for further concessions—which is the polite Russian term for cession of territory—and was driving her frantic with his scarcely veiled threats, Japan's minister drove her mad with his warnings and the exposure of Russian schemes. The other powers, with strange infatuation, kept aloof. At last the Dowager stood at bay. She did not see why those "foreign devils" and "pygmies," all uninvited and undesirable guests, should harass her in her own capital. It was excusable if she did give a hint that she would not be angry at their expulsion. She brought a hornets' nest about her ears; but so far as she, personally, is concerned, a change for the worse from the life she has led in the past three years is scarcely imaginable.

The Boxer insurrection expanded into a national movement, having for its purpose the expulsion of all aliens—or, as we would express it, China for the Chinese. The average American possesses the candor to acknowledge that, far from being unreasonable, this purpose was patriotic and laudable. Unfortunately, the world at large does not think so. It might reconsider its opinion if China, to-day, were in possession of an army and navy commensurate with its size and resources. It is safe to say that, in such case, all Europe combined would think twice before it decided to send its fleets to the mouth of the Peiho.

As it is, it must be well worth while to ask, What has China done to deserve the kicks and cuffs to which she is now being treated?

Here is the concise answer: China's crime is *that she has consistently adhered to a Monroe doctrine of her own, and that her position is exactly what the anti-expansionists would have the United States occupy.*

The Peking administration has persistently asked to be left alone. The Chinese people were contented. What if there was occasionally a slight disturbance, when a local magistrate levied perquisites beyond the limit of popular endurance? On the whole, the people were satisfied and happy—a condition of which the hoary national existence furnishes abundant confirmation. In its foreign policy the administration consistently *avoided entangling alliances*, and consequently it stands strictly alone at a time when such alliance would prove extremely useful. So great was its dread of foreign complications that it prohibited its citizens to go abroad, for the purpose of lawful commerce, lest international questions might arise. Poor China has discovered that national isolation is impossible in this century! Even as the individual must needs sink or swim with the masses, so no nation, however powerful in the number of its inhabitants and the wealth of its resources, can deny its duty in the international comity, while steam and electricity are annihilating space.

It may seem an insult to this republic to compare it with China. But why? Compared to the hoary antiquity of the Middle Kingdom the United States is in its very babyhood. What is a century and a quarter to the contemporary of Babylon, Assyria, and Egypt in its palmy days? As ages upon ages rolled by, China continued its existence until her civilization reached its zenith. Its geographical position may account for its immunity from attacks of the restless Caucasian: it certainly pleads for the virility of the race, that decadence did not accompany stagnation.

Do we, really, claim superiority over the Chinese? The braggart, swelling with vanity, may do so, but in our actions toward the Chinese we have conceded our inferiority. Or does not the Chinese Exclusion Act confess that the superiority of his civic qualities renders his presence a menace to our people? We refuse him admittance, not because he fills our jails and almshouses, nor because he swells the wellnigh intolerable number of the defective, delinquent, and criminal classes, but because by his industry, thrift, and sobriety he threatens to replace the shiftless Caucasian. This statement may be unpalatable; it is the truth. Are there any other civil virtues in which we may claim superiority? Is love of peace and aversion to strife a virtue or a vice? Decide that question as you please, but consider that in fortitude and endurance the Chinaman is the peer to the best traditions of the North-American Indian. The possession of those qualities indicates courage or disregard of danger.

If, then, we compare the national characteristics of the Chinese with our own, and the result does not redound to our credit, a candid man will confess that, at first sight, it appears the height of vanity to boast of institutions little more than a century old, where those of China have withstood the wear and tear of four thousand years. Such opinion, however, is superficial. A close study of the sociology of the Middle Kingdom and that of the great republic reveals a striking similarity. Both are founded upon ideals impossible of attainment, so long as human nature prevails in man. Without deprecating the beneficial effect of striving after perfection, the assumption that the ideal has been attained leads to gross abuses and to a national vanity indicative of decay.

This is the case with China. Theoretically no social arrangement can be more perfect. We may call it tne Chinese Empire: there is no such thing known to the Chinaman. There is no Emperor: the Tien tsz', or Son of Heaven, is to him not the *Pontifex Maximus*, as some writers claim, but his father. The elevating and ennobling cult designated by us in the insipid word "religion" has no equivalent in the Chinese language. Its restraining influence, but to a minor degree, is felt in the *ancestral worship*, which controls the family; and from the government of the family, as a unit, radiates the social life of China in ever-enlarging circles, until it embraces the whole of the huge country.

Here, then, is the theory: All China-

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men are equally the children of the Tien tsz', and as such all owe him implicit obedience. This relation between people and the throne is certainly more practical than the declaration "that all men are created equal," a statement refuted incessantly by nature itself, and so impracticable as to be rendered obsolete in our daily actions. The duties which the Tien tsz' owes to the people are also practical. He is responsible for their welfare, and, in time of calamity, such as flood, famine, etc., assumes the responsibility and debases himself before the ancestral tomb. Every Chinaman has, in theory, the right to address the throne, and no capital punishment can be pronounced—in theory—save by the Son of Heaven himself. He delegates his authority to subordinates, who are held strictly to account, while in the theoretical administration a thrift closely approaching to penury is observed.

In theory, therefore, the administration of China is ideal: it is the assumption of its perfection which perverts its purpose from good to bad. Public officials are entitled to an income commensurate with the services rendered by them. Inadequate remuneration must, of necessity, lead to peculation and subordinate high crimes against the state. In its theoretical institutions the oldest of all nations has, indeed, a striking resemblance to the republic of the Occident. Granted that we have no hereditary administrator; China's vacant throne has been filled quite frequently by an electoral college. The last two occupants were nominated and declared elected by the two widows of the late regretted Hsien Feng. Recent events also point to the fact that the incumbent can be impeached and removed. Nor does the resemblance end there.

As is the case with the United States, China has no hereditary aristocracy. Theoretically the offices are held by men of the people, and, on the whole, this theory is carried into practice. The salaries of the officials are estimated with such truly democratic simplicity that in many cases the necessary expenses exceed tenfold the frugal allowance. The lucky incumbent, upon entering into official life, is poor and most frequently in debt. This necessitates a certain latitude by way of perquisites, to enable him to discharge his liabilities, and to save something for a rainy day. The people are perfectly aware that they are being "squeezed" to make up for the inadequate allowance, and they do not object so long as no ice trust—bosh! I am writing of China! If that occurs, they are apt to make it exceedingly interesting for the official, who is then made to disgorge, not to the people, but to his superior in the official world.

As in this republic, rules and regulations exist also in China to prevent official corruption; these regulations point to great ingenuity and a profound knowledge of human nature; but they are circumvented and annulled by the conditions which render peculation an absolute necessity. Thus the term of an official of high rank cannot exceed three years, when his official future depends upon his record. The official does not know what his friends at court may do for him after the expiration of his term, but he does know that he can make hay while the sun shines, and sets upon that task with all the ingenuity he can muster. He knows also that further preferment depends largely upon the casn value of the presents which he may be able to offer to those in authority, and if he possesses ambition he squeezes the people to the very limit of their endurance.

China has information at the disposal of any one advocating peaceful expansion, or the avoidance of entangling alliances, which is simply an expression synonymous with—isolation. She has permitted her people to go abroad, and, while they have been of material assistance in developing the countries where they made their appearance, their lot has not been a happy one. They have thrived and become a power in the world of commerce, but individually they are looked down upon, and collectively they are mulcted severely. Why? Because it is known that their government is not able to protect them. It is not so many years ago when the American citizen in Japan enjoyed the same consideration which the Chinaman obtains on the Pacific coast. American ladies were bodily attacked, peaceable and respectable American citizens were assaulted, with equal impunity, because that confounded Monroe doctrine held the United States spellbound. Times have changed, thank God! since Dewey's guns proclaimed in Manila Bay that there is a limit to Uncle Sam's patience. Times have changed, thank God! since the Stars and Stripes could be hauled through the dust, as was the case when Consul-General T. J. Jernigan, at Shanghai, China, by express orders of the Secretary of State, delivered two innocent Japanese to the Chinese authorities, to be sliced to death. Brave Jernigan wept from fury when he saw that the flag over his consulate could not protect those who confided in it.

R. VAN BERGEN.

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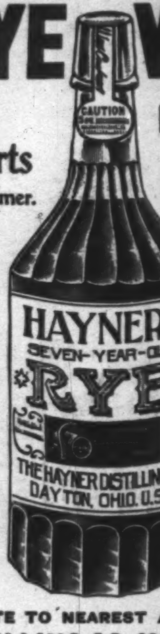

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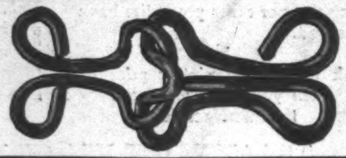

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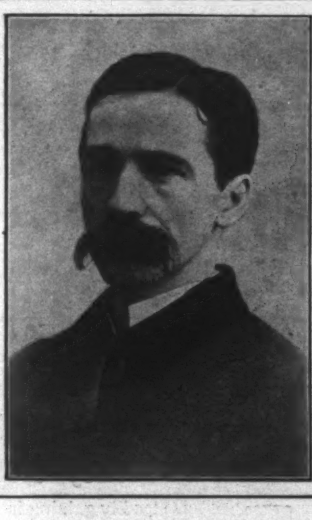
Notes of a Bookman

THERE is a deal of complaint of Judge Grant's *Unleavened Bread* because it is so disagreeable. The complainants insist that it is no advantage to any one to know Selma White; that she is so vulgar and selfish and generally intolerable that it was an offence to the community of readers to make a book about her. Mr. Grant's book, they aver, is Selma White and nothing else, and therefore, they say, it is a waste of time to read it, and it was a misuse of time for Mr. Grant, who can write most agreeably about pleasant people, to write a whole book about an underbred, hustling minx of a woman, who has no redeeming feature anywhere about her.

The very warmth of these censures is evidence of Mr. Grant's success. He set about to make Selma White repulsive, and she is repulsive. It is no fun to read about her, but we must not insist that every novel we read shall amuse us; we ought to read some novels for edification—for our sins. Novels may edify in several ways. They may warm our hearts and limber up our better natures by exhibiting to us incarnations of sweetness and light and seemly behavior, and making them so attractive that they quicken seemly aspirations in ourselves. Or they may show the natural man or woman, faulty and blundering as human creatures are, but still with graces of purpose and effort which appeal to our sympathies. Or they may be like light-houses on rocks, warning us away from bad behavior and evil aspirations by showing us what sort of folk it is that find a seeming profit in unseemliness. *Unleavened Bread* is a novel of this last sort. Its light shines to warn us off the Selma Whites; the women, plausible, ambitious, half-educated, wholly selfish, who are in this world for what they can get out of it, who love themselves and no one else, and whom energy and a density of perception which makes them incapable of scruple and impervious to remorse enable to win a satisfactory measure of success. Selma was forever "improving" herself and her position in society. She was a successful woman, and though if we met her in real life we probably would not like her, the chances are that we would admire her a good deal as a woman who had got on. Mr. Grant, in following her career step by step with painful fidelity, has brought home to us the loathsomeness of her sort of success. He leaves her on our hands thoroughly respectable and yet a monster. We are obliged to him. Selma hasn't been pleasant to know, but she is useful to have for purposes of comparison. Bartley Hubbard, poor man, with the folds of fat gathering on the back of his neck, wasn't pleasant to know, but once learned we could not spare him. He is a useful type. So is Selma White.

Mr. James Lane Allen's *The Reign of Law* is like *David Harum* in being a good book in spite of very obvious defects. It resembles *David Harum* too—albeit afar off—in being popular with readers. From that we may argue that readers care a great deal more for what is good in a book than for what is defective, and provided the good is good enough, the defects may pile up pretty high without injury to the book's popularity. One thing that is good about *The Reign of Law* is its atmosphere, which is high and serious. Hemp is a sober plant with very grave associations, and religion is a sober subject. There is much about hemp in Mr. Allen's book, and much about religion. Indeed, most of the book has to do with one or the other of these subjects. I like best his dealings with hemp, starting with the fine chapter of landscape that opens the book and continuing to form the stout connecting thread of his narrative. His religion is disappointing in that he leads his strong, pious-minded hero down step by step into a gully of scientific doubt, and leaves him there. His stalwart young Kentuckian, simple, honest, ignorant, and deeply, admirably religious, comes from the hemp-field to the Bible school at Lexington, and discovers, first, that the Christian Church is full of warring sects which disbelieve some of each other's tenets and dogmas, and profess, some of them, to be alone possessed of the true and saving details of belief. That bothers the young fellow, and, as he takes it hard, makes serious trouble for him. Then he runs afoul of Darwin, discovers that the earth was probably not made in six days, and that man is not the only creature that has profited by the interest of the great Father. Gradually he loses all assurance in the fatherhood of God, in God Himself, and as he does not hide his changed opinions the Bible school casts him out, and he goes home to tell his parents that he no longer believes in the Bible nor in Christianity. One follows him with sympathy and some will follow him with



W. P. DILLINGHAM,
Newly elected Senator from Vermont.

deep interest through all these changes, expecting to see him work out finally into a point of view where all that is sound of the new knowledge reconciles itself to all that is true and indispensable in the old faith. But the reconciliation does not come. Either Mr. Allen's own religious perceptions halt or he has chosen that his hero shall see only so far. He leaves the lad his righteousness and his native strength, but in his spiritual life he leaves him groping. The youth, whose calling was to be a preacher, puts that vocation despairingly aside, and finally turns back to the world to be a student and a teacher of science. In that conclusion the book is disappointing. The impression one gets from it is not merely that the seeker did not attain to a degree of religious knowledge that satisfied him, but that there was no truth in the Christian religion that could satisfy him. He turned to science in despair of religion, and the author's implication is that he was justified in his despair. It is a pity that so good a book should seem to teach so false a lesson.

Mr. Allen is hardly a success as a teacher of religion. He can get his pupils into the woods, but he seems unable to get them out again. As a mere story-teller he shows in this book rather defective gifts. There is little life in his dialogue. When David goes to propose to Gabriella and leads up to it with an argument out of *The Origin of Species*, the result is a most ludicrous illustration of how dangerous a thing a little learning is. Poor David! But the book makes a strong impression upon the mind. The Kentucky of it sticks—the hemp-fields, the lonely farm life, the storm that racked the ice-clad trees. It is in his feats of description that Mr. Allen is strong. You may find fault with his words and his use of them, but the pictures are in his mind, and somehow he brings them out.

Mr. Allen has recorded how the religion of the fathers failed to satisfy a mind imperfectly furnished with contemporary learning. Any reader who feels disconcerted by his conclusions and would like to see a picture of religion still operative and successful, may find it in Mr. Ralph Connor's *Black Rock*. It is a book of the same order as *The Sky Pilot*, by the same author, published last year. There is not much theology in it, but it abounds in religion, and true religion, without question, since it fills its adherents with a passionate desire to better their fellows, and enables them to make their aspirations good. Mr. Connor is an excellent story-teller. In each of his books the hero is a young minister. In the *Sky Pilot* he put him down in a frontier settlement among ranchmen and cowboys. In *Black Rock* the field is a Canadian lumber-camp in the heart of the Selkirks. Mr. Connor's lumbermen are not lay-figures. They really live and breathe and speak; their talk is real talk; they are real people, and worth knowing. It is well known that the manners and morals of lumber-camps are not, as a rule, exemplary, and that drink and worse indulgences are the bane of most of them. By what arts and with how stout a spirit the Reverend Craig made his fight for clean living and devout thinking at Black Rock, what set-backs he had, and what help was raised up for him, is what Mr. Connor sets forth. He has done it well. There is a fine spirit in the book; it is a sound and wholesome performance of its kind, and though it may sometimes make the sophisticated reader smile, its story will hold his attention, and keep him for a while in an atmosphere of spiritual fervor and kindliness and grace, which can hardly help bringing some refreshment to his soul.

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

STATISTICS of our foreign commerce for the month of September show that the exports of merchandise exceeded $115,600,000, and were larger by more than $6,000,000 than those of the corresponding month last year, while the volume of imports was somewhat smaller. The excess of exports over imports reached the unprecedented sum of $56,000,000 and more for the one month, adding to our already heavy accumulated "balance of trade," so called. For the nine months ending with September this balance was over $441,000,000, and the remainder of the year is a period of heavy exports, indicating a probable excess of exports over imports of something like $600,000,000 for the year 1900. At the end of last year the account showed a balance in our favor of $492,000,000, following upon $503,000,000 for 1898, and $383,000,000 for 1897. Here is a series of four "prosperous years," during which apparently we shall have sold to other countries close upon $2,000,000,000 worth more than we have bought from them.

This includes, however, the exports and imports of gold and silver, and is subject to a variety of familiar deductions, such as payments for freight to foreign shipping, money spent abroad by Americans, and so on, but making all allowances there is an apparent balance of trade in our favor which must amount to more than $1,000,000,000 for the four years, a considerable part of which is still standing to our credit abroad. Just how much has been wiped out by remittances for interest and profits on foreign investments in this country it is impossible to say, and how much has been liquidated by selling American securities formerly held in Europe is another incalculable item.

The certain thing is that in current mercantile transactions we are constantly a creditor nation, and we are rapidly becoming so in the permanent account. This explains some of the important financial movements of the time. For instance, the great banks of Europe, with the exception of that of France, are rather short in their supplies of gold, and anxious to retain what they have and add to the stock, while with us gold was never so abundant. The United States Treasury contains nearly $450,000,000, and the banks and financial institutions of the country have approximately as much more. And yet the gold that is floating about in the world's markets drifts almost irresistibly in this direction.

Another incident of our heavy credits abroad and accumulating capital at home appears in the readiness with which foreign loans are placed here. We have lent to the British and German governments, and now a four-per-cent. loan of the city of Hamburg, amounting to 40,000,000 marks, has been placed in New York, and promptly subscribed. It is not simply that capital here is abundant and ready for any safe investment at four per cent., but that the transaction involves no actual transfer of money from this country. The borrowers get their funds from American credits with European bankers, produced by the mercantile balance. Besides, there are reports every now and then of American capital invested in foreign enterprises abroad. This again is realized out of values held there to our credit on account of the balance of trade. While interest rates have been higher there than here it has been profitable to leave the balance in foreign hands, or make use of its proceeds on that side of the ocean. All this is significant of the new position which the United States is taking in the commerce and finance of the world. Instead of seeking foreign capital to develop our resources and sustain our industrial and corporate undertakings, and sending abroad our substance to pay interest and profits to foreign investors and liquidate obligations incurred in past years, we are beginning to lend from our surplus and to furnish capital to foreign enterprises. This really goes over the seas in exports of merchandise.

The money-market in New York shows comparatively little change notwithstanding the drain of currency for a month and more to the West and South. The draft upon the banks for four or five weeks has been much heavier than last year, largely on account of the high price of cotton, but there are signs that the current is subsiding, and in another month there will be a reflex movement. There has been a hardening of rates, and call loans have been as high as five or six per cent. under a special demand for a day's accommodation, but for two or three months' time and longer the rates have hardly changed. There is still a disposition to wait for the political campaign to be over before venturing into important commitments of any kind.

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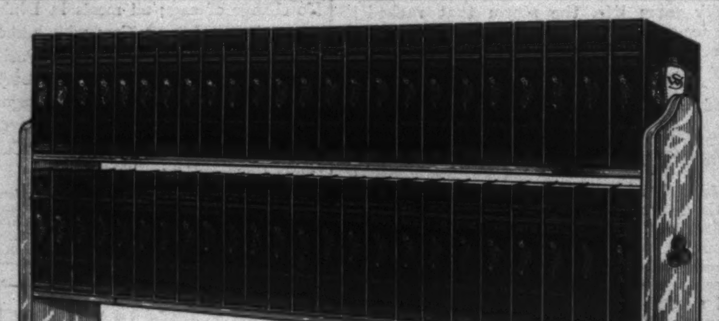

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WARREN STREET AFTER THE WALLS HAD FALLEN.

THE WARREN STREET DISASTER

An explosion of chemicals in Tarrant & Co.'s wholesale and retail drug-house at the northwest corner of Greenwich and Warren streets caused one of the most destructive fires that have occurred in New York city of recent years. Hundreds of men and women were injured and many were killed; both sides of Warren Street were laid in ruins for two blocks, and almost all of the plate-glass windows within a radius of a quarter of a mile were destroyed by the concussion. The Elevated Railroad in Greenwich Street was partially torn down, and the Warren Street station entirely wrecked. Not since the Park Place disaster of several years ago has there been such a calamity in New York.

It is not known how the fire began, but it is believed that by some accident in Tarrant & Co.'s laboratory a blaze was started which fed rapidly on the inflammable material at hand, and soon found its way to the store-rooms, where hundreds of carboys of naphtha and ammonia and other explosive chemicals were stored. The fire started at about noon on Monday, October 29. The alarm had scarcely been turned in when the first of a series of explosions occurred. This was followed after a short interval by the second and most terrific explosion, which sent a volume of flame and smoke several hundred feet into the air, hurling beams, roofing, bricks and mortar many blocks away, which in falling severely injured a number of people and killed horses. It is asserted that from ten to fifteen other explosions followed this second one, and the tall buildings in the neighborhood were repeatedly shaken as by earthquakes. The fire spread rapidly, until most of the houses for two blocks around were ablaze. The front wall of the Tarrant drug-house had fallen out and had buried two fire-engines, from which the horses and men miraculously escaped. A street car was overwhelmed by the falling walls of a Washington Street house. A Ninth Avenue Elevated Railroad train pulled out of the Warren Street station just in time to escape being wrecked by a falling wall. It is not known at the hour of writing how many persons were killed or injured, but it is probable that the death list will not exceed fifty, as many of the employees in the Tarrant Building and the neighboring business houses were out for the noon hour. Furthermore, every one in the neighborhood had long looked upon Tarrant & Co.'s place as a sort of powder-magazine, and all knew, as soon as fire was discovered, the great danger of remaining near. Consequently, at the first explosion the people fled in all directions; for a short time there was a panic, in which many women were knocked down and trampled upon. It was because the streets were so crowded with fleeing people that so many were cut with falling glass.

Ambulances from five hospitals arrived within half an hour and additional surgeons were summoned, but even so police patrol wagons were required to help carry away the wounded.

The column of smoke which rose high in the air immediately after the explosion carried with it cinders and pasteboard and all sorts of light material, such as baskets and boxes, and these were carried by the light wind for a mile and scattered over the streets and houses. Hundreds of people who had left their offices for the luncheon hour rushed to the scene of the disaster, and the streets soon became so crowded that the police and firemen were seriously impeded in the work of rescue. All that the Fire Department could do under the circumstances, so great was the heat and so fierce the conflagration, was to pour streams into the blazing area. It was not until late in the afternoon that the fire was partially under control. It burned all night. The loss in property is estimated at $1,500,000.

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